

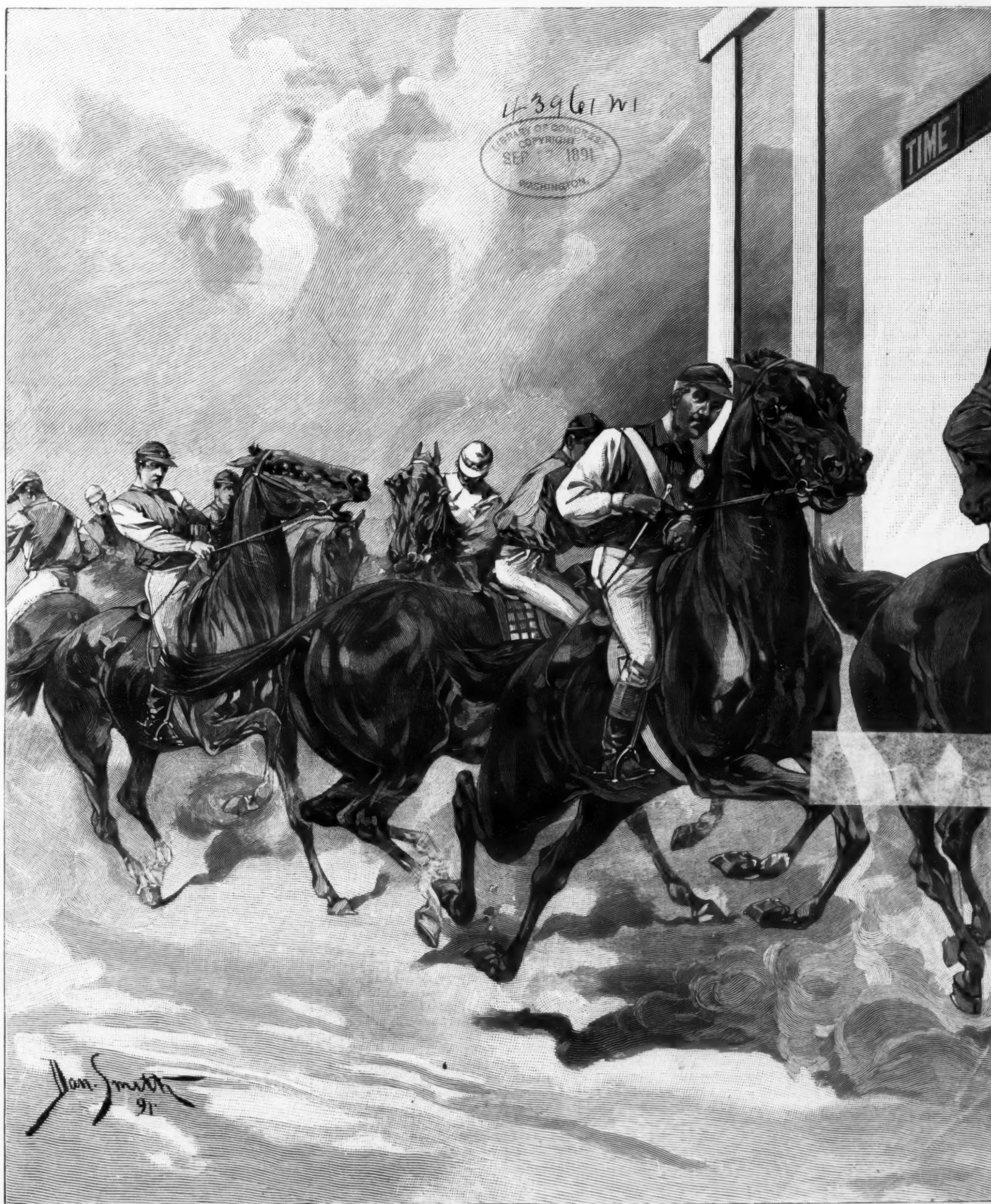
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE END OF THE RACING SEASON—A FALSE START FOR THE MILE RACE.—FROM A PICTURE BY DAN SMITH.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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## IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

"A PLEA for Music at Home" will be the subject of the leading editorial in next week's issue of this paper. Professor C. W. Knauff, the author, is a well-known musical critic and a careful, well-trained writer. The head of every family will be interested in the leading contribution in next week's issue.

## A STEP BACKWARD.

WITHIN recent years much has been said about the new South. Glowing articles have appeared from time to time, here and there, in various Northern and Southern papers, setting forth the grandeur of the Southland, its wonderful possibilities, and its great future. Syndicates have been formed throughout the North to develop Southern resources; millions of money have found an outlet in Southern soil. The spirit of Yankee thirst has permeated and revolutionized many Southern towns, giving them the glow of prosperous Northern cities.

All of this is doubtless in the right direction, but the question that now arises is: Does the South appreciate what is being done for it and in its behalf by its Northern benefactors? It would seem otherwise. Backward steps, backward movements, constant retrogression would imply that there is not only lack of appreciation of the efforts of Northern philanthropists, but a determination on the part of the people of that section to bring disaster on its head and set aside all that has been done toward building up and rehabilitating the wastes of the South by these Northern capitalists.

In Chattanooga, Atlanta, Macon, and other cities of the South there is the novelty of three waiting-rooms—one for gentlemen, one for ladies, and one for neither gentlemen nor ladies, but for "negroes." At least placards thus labeled would suggest the contemplation of such an inference. But the inference is not left alone to the placards. The negro waiting-room is a dirty, filthy place, with here or there a broken chair or a few benches. Into the midst of dirt, trash, and unsavory odors the negro is hustled, to await the arrival or departure of trains. The well-dressed, cultivated negro is placed side by side with the unkempt, poorly-clad, half-drunken, beastly cotton-field hand, who has no respect for himself nor anybody else. Then, again, colored men and women are all huddled together in one room just as they are in chain-gangs and Southern penitentiaries. It shows the feeling and the spirit of hatred on the part of Southern railroad authorities in not providing for negro passengers. This feeling does not only manifest itself here, but is seen more or less in all the public conveyances throughout the South.

The blacks are not allowed in either of the waiting-rooms designed for ladies and gentlemen unless they are serving in menial capacities—then the doors fly wide open and they are warmly invited in. As a man, as a woman, as a citizen, as a gentleman or a lady—never. No admittance. The contemplation of this phase of the question compels us to ask whether the new South is a reality or a myth. Is it that these loud professions of Southern statesmen and their Northern friends are simply *words, words, words!* We hope not, but such is the conclusion forced upon us. It is hard to see how prosperity can always attend a section bent upon perpetuating such heinous distinctions between man and man—black or white. In the end it will prove to be a boomerang and is bound to open "old sores," to stir up strife and ill-feeling, to rekindle old flames of hatred, and thereby plunge the South into an almost endless struggle. The negro, as a rule, is a quiet, peaceable, inoffensive citizen, only giving trouble when he is troubled. Mr. Walter Lewin, an English writer, in an article in the London *Academy*, says:

"Even supposing all negroes could be banished from America, the question would still remain how to dispose of the Southern whites. Their disregard of law is developing. Italians are the latest victims of their murderous instincts. And the Government at Washington can give no satisfactory assurances to the Italian Government, simply because in the South it is helpless against the prevailing and too-long permitted and even encouraged lawlessness."

Mr. Clowes, the author of "Black America," declares that "if the racial crimes and outrages which are of daily occurrence in the Southern States were taking place in a semi-civilized part of Europe," and were "only half as well advertised as the events in Bulgaria were," "the public sentiment of Europe would be aroused, and reform secured even at the cost of war."

This is a very vigorous and sweeping arraignment of our loose way of dealing with law-breakers, and yet none too severe. There is no civilized country on the globe where crimes, such as so frequently come to our notice, would be allowed to go unpunished save in the United States. The truth is, as a certain reviewer says, "the long-continued slave system, based as it

was on a total disregard of human obligations and rights, has resulted in an arrested moral growth; and the roots of the present trouble lie not so much in negro inferiority as in this defect in the moral sentiment of the white population of the South."

Christianity plays no part in the discussion of this question. Men seem to be afraid of it. They lack faith. Intolerance is the ruling passion within them. They read their Bible, interpret it to suit themselves, and then proclaim to the world that they are doing God's service in their ungodly treatment of their fellow-men, and in their desire to exterminate the negro. My faith in the saving power of Christianity is as great, doubtless, as that of any other man. There is no fault to be found with Christianity. It is the same as of old. It is the church that has failed—utterly failed—to live up to its professions. There is no need of a baptism of fire among our churches, North and South. Until there is such a baptism there is not much hope of adjusting the troubles growing out of the race question.

The "negro problem" is an ethical and not a political one. This I firmly maintain; and it should be thus treated—from an ethical standpoint.

In Tennessee, on the 12th of June, the Legislature passed a bill providing for separate cars for the whites and blacks on all the railroads passing through that State. The enactment prohibits the blacks from occupying a coach intended for the whites under any circumstances whatever; while, on the other hand, the law is so constructed that the whites, though forbidden under ordinary circumstances to enter a coach intended for negroes, may do so when the train is over-crowded.

In Virginia, the Powhatan Club declares in favor of separate street cars for the two races, and I understand that the Governor of this State declares that it is his intention to recommend to the Legislature of Virginia the passage of a similar law to that which is now in operation in the State of Tennessee. An effort of this kind was made some time ago in South Carolina, but failed. In Georgia, on some of the railroads passing through that State, separate cars have always been in existence. The Georgia Railroad, possibly, was the worst road in the South for the accommodation of colored people until the recent lawsuits instituted against it by negroes gave it such unenviable notoriety that it was obliged to change its *modus operandi* and give its black passengers better accommodations.

What we wish especially to note is this: The separate car service is on the increase, and from the present outlook we may expect negro cars in all the Southern States. In this day of general progress among the colored people, what other purpose can the South have in mind than to let the blacks know by its attitude that it is fully determined to show them that this is the white man's government, and if they (the negroes) persist in demanding that no distinction be made in this offensive manner, that they (the whites) will no longer submit tamely to such an intrusion, as they are pleased to term it. It is also reported that the Southern street-car lines will be operated upon to make a change of base, and wherever possible provide separate accommodations for the negroes. It is probable, however, that the enormous expense of such a movement will operate to defeat the scheme and prevent it from becoming universal. In some instances already we have the sad spectacle of an electric and a dummy service. It was to this that a distinguished Northern lady referred when on a visit to Nashville some years ago, and for which reference our Southern friends have never forgiven her.

This is the sensitive spot of the South. "White heels on black necks" will inevitably perpetuate strife and discord, while rape, riot, and murder will be the inevitable consequences. Many of the negro's crimes to-day may be attributed to the feeling growing out of this idea. If we "sow the wind we must reap the whirlwind."

To quote again from Mr. Walter Lewin:

"Assuredly in the quarter of a century which has elapsed since he had any chance of progress at all, he has moved forward wonderfully. And, be his highest reach what it may, it is higher than the reach of the lower order of white men. The tyranny of ignorant negroes succeeded the slave tyranny of the whites, and was in turn succeeded by the white tyranny, which still obtains. But since the downfall of negro rule in the South the mental and moral condition of the negro has greatly changed, and when the day of reckoning comes—as come it must—the Southern white will have to render his account to a race very different from that which he reckoned with before. The present crisis is due to the blundering of the Southern white. He has neglected his opportunity." \* \* \*

"The idea of the Southern white," says Mr. Clowes, "seems to be that, though danger is ahead, it is too far ahead for him to trouble himself much about it. 'I do not fear the negro,' he says in effect, 'I do not believe in his power for organization; and if he were to rise we could crush him into resignation.' So he will not mend his ways, and his unbelief will continue until the day when the negro, wearied of oppression, shall arise and prove his power. What he endured when a slave he will not always endure now that he is, or has the chance of being, a free man."

If I were inclined to defend this separate-car service, it would be simply on the ground of the large numbers of colored people in the South and the general uncleanliness of many of them who seek railroad accommodations. But there is a class of whites that travel for whom no provision is made. They are dirty and filthy. With tobacco, jug, and revolver they board the train. Of course they go where they please, for are they not members of the "superior" race and so have superior rights? As a rule they go into the negro car, imposing their presence, with all its offensiveness, upon any negro who may chance to be a passenger. There can be no question that this state of affairs is a rank insult to the higher classes among the negroes. Why not have a third coach for the uncleanly white man and the uncleanly black man? There are sensitive negro ladies and gentlemen to whom these things are simply intolerable.

It is not so much separate cars, separate tables, or separate hotels as it is that all negroes are compelled to fare alike because they are negroes. Either, however, is decidedly objectionable because it implies race distinction. Not long ago a distinguished white graduate of one of our best American colleges, after spending some time in the South, concluded to come North to spend the summer. Being well acquainted with one or two colored passengers on board, he went into the cars where they were. They were prominent colored men, and as they could not come where he was, in the white coach, he could see no objection to his going where they were, so he went. They had spent a little

time in conversation when the conductor came along and informed this white passenger that white people were not allowed to ride in the negro car, and that he would have to return to his own coach. They separated—the negro to remain where he was, the white man to return to his seat in the white coach. Here is an unusual spectacle of a white man being ordered out of a car because it was not designed for whites. It brings to mind out of a wide experience, whether, had this white gentleman been less a gentleman—that is, had he been a dirty, ignorant boor—would the same care have been taken to *protect the colored man from the intrusion of the whites*. We are compelled to fear that such would not have been the case.

There is one thing certain, the South will have to come to it in time. The accumulation of wealth, the acquisition of knowledge, and an advanced moral standard among the blacks will break the chains that now keep them down. It is pleasant to know that the East Tennessee, Georgia and Virginia Railroad, notwithstanding that all other lines leading into Georgia, so far as I have been able to ascertain, have the "Jim-Crow" car, has no such discrimination on its lines. Conductors, brakemen, and trainmen often desire to have such arbitrary lines drawn, and frequently take the matter into their own hands—and that without authority—and attempt to force negroes into a separate car; but I learn from high authority that Mr. Wren, the general passenger agent, has forbidden any such distinctions on his lines, and has gone to the extent of dismissing employés who have thus exceeded their bounds.

Such action by a high official despite public sentiment deserves special mention, and his road deserves, so far as practicable, the entire patronage of negro travelers and tourists throughout the country. Only those lines should be selected whose officials make some effort at least to provide for the comfort of their patrons even though they be negroes.

As we conclude there comes to us the act of the last General Assembly of the State of Arkansas, which follows in line with a separate-coach law but which proscribes only the negro. The Indian, Chinaman, Dago, and any other but a man colored with negro blood, is permitted to go where he pleases—even to occupying the negro car if he so desire. Surely the year of 1891 is witnessing the inauguration of a remarkable, coincident series of these backward movements.

I have said that the accumulation of wealth, the acquisition of knowledge, and an advanced moral standard will eventually break the chains. I firmly believe this. The first will in the end lead to power—a controlling voice in some of these matters. In the same way as he has acquired wealth, so will the negro gradually push on until he forces recognition of his rights in matters which that wealth will inevitably be used to foster. The growing knowledge will equip him better for a wise fight against proscription while it, with the general advance in morals, will remove many objections which are put forward as a plea for these outrages upon his rights. Then with this, let the railways be compelled to run, as they should, an extra coach for two or three surplus white passengers while there is room in the negro car; let the white passengers be forced to stand upon the platform or sit upon the wood-box because of lack of accommodations in the white car; let them suffer a tithe of the inconvenience which the black man has had to suffer, and we shall see the master righting itself. Touch the pocket of the corporation and the white people's ease, and we shall see a revolution, I am confident. There is an old saying which these backward steps of the South are about to exemplify—"De tighter de hoop, de sooner it bust."

*W. Scarborough*

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY.

## A POPULAR WEEKLY.

IT is a pleasure to hear from our subscribers that they are particularly pleased with the constant effort we are making to improve FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY. A number of compliments have been received of late. We quote from two of them:

A correspondent at Saranac Inn, New York, writes: "I believe I can't make a better investment than to subscribe to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED, and inclose my subscription."

A banker at Luling, Texas, writes, inclosing his subscription, and adds: "I think LESLIE'S WEEKLY is the best paper of the kind in America."

A correspondent at Lebanon, Pa., writes to us that he thinks FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY is a better paper now than it has been in the twenty-five years during which he has been a constant subscriber to it. He says that of late years he has preserved every issue of the paper, and that he prizes the bound volumes of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY as of more value than any other book in his library. He expresses surprise that bound copies of such a valuable publication are not often found in public libraries. Our correspondent appreciates a good thing. No book could be of greater value and interest to the citizen, or to a public or private library, than a completed file of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY for a year. Such a volume would be an illustrated history of the times, and would be entertaining and instructive to old and young. No more acceptable gift could be made during the holidays to one who loves books and good reading than a bound volume of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY. We have a number of subscribers who make it a rule at Christmas time to send a year's subscription of the paper to friends, as a holiday offering. It serves as a reminder of friendship from week to week throughout the year.

We may add that we shall continue to make FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY a paper for the household, with the choicest things that can be obtained for the delight and improvement, the cultivation and instruction of our readers. We are especially pleased to know that the German edition of this paper, which is the only publication of the kind in the United States, keeps full pace with the progress of the English edition.

A number of students of German have sent in their subscriptions during the past year, and one of them, in Boston, writes that she considers it invaluable in the study of a language that

had been very difficult until she adopted the method of trying to read an illustrated newspaper printed in the German tongue. She says the illustrations wonderfully add to the interest of the study and facilitate its pursuit.

#### THE NEW YORK OF THE SOUTH.

THE South, ever since it has been proud of the new name of the New South, has insisted that the time would shortly come when it would be the gateway of a large part of the internal commerce of the United States; that in the near future trunk-lines, running up and down the country instead of across it, would seek the wharves of the South at which to load their products, particularly for the markets of the adjoining South American republics and those on the lower parallels of latitude across the water.

Those who think that our railroad system, as at present constituted, is perfect, speak without knowledge of the facts. The Southern and Southwestern States are from year to year becoming larger producers of exported commodities. The cotton crop, of enormous value and largely exported, comes entirely from the South. There is no reason why it should not go direct from southern ports by water-routes to England, France and Germany. Yet much of it is shipped from northern ports; and very little of the surplus grain, timber, and other commodities for export produced in the South has been shipped from ports along the Gulf of Mexico.

Every year the fact is becoming more widely recognized that water transportation is by far the cheapest; and every year the producer seeks a water-route wherever he can find it, in preference to making shipments by rail. The consolidation of railway interests in the South and the extension of Southern railway connections with the West and North have all added to the value of the foreign and coastwise trade of the Southern States.

Thus far New Orleans has been the most largely profited, and figures show that it has now become the second American port and the great rival of New York as a shipping and distributing centre. The growth of its export trade has been very decided in recent years, but its import trade is still small. Its aggregate exports during the past fiscal year reached \$110,000,000, while its imports were only \$15,000,000. Already this year the facilities for handling grain have been over-taxed, compelling the erection of larger and additional elevators. The coastwise, as well as the foreign trade of New Orleans is developing, and a movement is now being made to increase its imports.

All this has been accomplished by a city very unfavorably situated for growth and development. If New Orleans had the advantages of New York in a healthy site and a cooler climate, there is no doubt that it would speedily surpass this city as a shipping-point. But it has the great advantage of a central location and this must add to its growth from year to year.

The projects for deep-water ports along the Gulf of Mexico may prove a success, but a blow was struck at them when one of the leading steamship companies moved its business recently from Galveston to New Orleans. This will emphasize the tendency of the great railroads to concentrate their export trade in the South at that point. This gives New Orleans a great advantage, but if the deep-water harbor facilities should be obtained at any point along the Texas coast, it is entirely safe to predict that the export trade would, in part at least, be diverted in that direction to obtain the easiest route to the adjoining markets.

But the character of New Orleans as the commercial centre of the South appears to be fixed and permanent. It is a city with a great future—the New York of the South.

#### LABOR IS LEARNING.

PRESIDENT MILLER, of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway, in his annual report, says that the prohibition of pooling makes it impossible to maintain rates on our railways, and that the maintenance of rates would not relieve American railways from the competition of foreign roads. He says it is impossible to maintain a liberal standard of wages for railway employés unless the capital which sustains the enterprise is permitted to receive liberal compensation for its use.

Railway employés in the West, where Farmers' Alliance legislation is directed largely against corporations, have foreseen that if railroad rates are arbitrarily cut down, with a consequent reduction of earning capacity, eventually there must be a marked reduction in the wages of the employé. This has led to the organization of railway employés in the Northwest, and more recently to similar organizations in Texas and some other Southern States, with the avowed purpose of insisting that their employers' interests, which are their own interests, shall not be placed in jeopardy by anti-monopoly and Farmers' Alliance legislation.

It is true in the railway world, as it is in every other field of industry, that the interests of the employer and the employé must to a large extent be identical. If the employer fails, the employé is left without work, and if the receipts of the employer are materially reduced, the wages of his workingmen must be cut down. This is the essence of the argument in favor of a policy of protection to preserve the employer from cheap foreign competition. In affording this protection to the employer, the Government also indirectly, but with equal force, protects the employé from the competition of cheaper-paid foreign labor; for there is little difference between importing the goods made by cheap labor and importing the cheap labor itself.

The prohibition of one is equivalent to the prohibition of the other, and as workingmen come to understand the situation they do not hesitate to act with their friends.

#### STILL WESTWARD.

THE star of empire still takes its way westward, and Horace Greeley's advice to "go West" still deserves the attention of the young man with migratory tendencies.

A recent census bulletin shows the assessed valuation of real and personal property of the several States and Territories for 1880 and 1890. These figures are striking. The wonderful growth in what we have in the past known as the "Western States" has largely subsided. The boom is now farther West—it has reached the shores of the Pacific. In only six States and Territories does the increased assessed valuation in 1890, as compared with 1880, amount to over 300 per cent., and these are all far beyond the so-called "Western States."

First among them is South Dakota, with a percentage of increase of 1,040; next is North Dakota, with an increase of 792 per cent.; Montana, 471 per cent.; Washington, 424 per cent.; Utah, 322 per cent.; and New Mexico, 305 per cent. Idaho stands next on the list with a percentage of increase of 297 per cent. The recently admitted Territories lead in the rise in the value of their personal and real properties.

Only three States show a decrease; but in one of these, Illinois, the decrease is owing to the fact that the assessed valuation in 1880 was 50 per cent., while in 1890 it was only 25 per cent. of the true value, so that the decrease in value is apparent, not real, in that State. Maryland shows a decrease in the percentage of valuation in 1890, as compared with 1880, of 3.04 per cent., and Nevada of over 15 per cent. Nevada is the only State which shows a decrease in population.

New York's increased value is over 42 per cent., Pennsylvania's 54 per cent., Massachusetts's nearly 36 per cent. The Eastern States as a rule show less of a gain than the Western, and some of the Southern States (notably Texas) show a considerable rise in property values. The States of Kansas, Minnesota, Nebraska, which in other days were "boomers," all show a large increase; but the largest and heaviest growth is in the younger States and farther West.

The figures in the census bulletin in reference to this matter are especially interesting, and afford opportunities for profitable study to the prospector and investor.

#### POPULARIZING INSTRUCTION.

AT the recent annual meeting of the American Social Science Association at Saratoga, its President, Mr. Andrew D. White, of Cornell, suggested that the association should distribute leaflets among the people on pertinent subjects, such as roads and internal communications, ballot reform, and hygiene. This, he said, would tend to the popularization of instruction such as the late Horace Greeley suggested and endeavored to follow out.

Men of wealth who are devoting themselves so persistently and exclusively to business interests overlook the fact that where suffrage is universal there is great danger that the power of the ballot may be used for the worst purposes. Macaulay predicted that the time would come when in the State of New York, men of communistic tendencies, constituting a large majority, would revolt at the thought that a few persons enjoyed wealth and comfort while the masses were obliged to earn their living by the sweat of their brow, and that this revolt might lead to the most serious consequences.

Macaulay's prediction has not been verified in this State, but it has come to a partial realization in some of the Farmers' Alliance States in the West, notably in Kansas. Fortunately, the Farmers' Alliance movement—which is simply another form of communism and socialism—has not been cohesive enough thus far to accomplish its purpose; but none can foresee what similar combinations may effect in Kansas and other States unless the masses are educated to a real knowledge of the primary facts regarding economic, social, and financial matters, and awakened to the comprehension of the sophistries that are bred in ignorance and fostered by vice.

From the selfish standpoint, men of means could make no better investment than to contribute to a fund for the promulgation among the masses of the truth; and this work, as laid down by President White and the members of the Social Science Association, requires for its management gentlemen of eminent and integrity. It is lamentable that the social science gathering at Saratoga was this year so small. The work it has in hand is vast and comprehensive, and should have the support of every law-abiding and intelligent citizen.

#### TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

EX-CONGRESSMAN GEORGE WEST, of Saratoga County, N. Y., who several years ago, in time of great financial depression, saved the Round Lake Camp Meeting Association from bankruptcy, has emphasized his generosity recently by presenting to the endowment fund of the Association the munificent gift of \$25,000. Congressman West is one of the wealthy men of this country who know how to be generous with their means.

THE fact that Democrats and Republicans in Kansas are entering into a combination to defeat the Farmers' Alliance is extremely significant. The new combination is made on the ground that it is necessary to preserve the credit of a great State. Perhaps the Farmers' Alliance has thrust an issue into politics that will change the situation in the South as well as in the West. There are enough good men, we believe, in both parties in every State to combine to preserve its credit, and to defeat the communistic, socialistic, and humbug element.

THE honor of having made the fastest railroad time on record belongs to President McLeod, of the Reading Railroad. Recently, on the Bound Brook Railroad, in Pennsylvania, an engine drawing two ordinary coaches with President McLeod's private car, which was about double the weight of an ordinary coach, made ten miles in seven minutes, twelve seconds, averaging forty-three seconds to the mile. The fastest mile was scored in thirty-nine and four-fifths seconds. President McLeod is one of the brightest railway managers in the country, and now he has the honor of being also one of the fastest, in the proper sense.

IN order to make reciprocity treaties thoroughly available in the best way, the United States should have closer communication by steamship lines and railways with the South American republics, and to this end intelligent effort is now being directed. It is unpleasant to read, however, that a new cable, connecting Brazil and the eastern coast of South America, which opens a short and direct telegraph route from the United States, is con-

trolled and owned exclusively by French capitalists. Heretofore telegrams from Brazil and the eastern coast of South America had been sent via London and Portugal, and back across the ocean, or by the broken land route to Galveston, Vera Cruz, and over the mountains to Buenos Ayres. The building of cable lines is not expensive, and it would seem as if American capital could be abundantly provided, with or without the help of the Government, to bring New York, New Orleans, and all our great commercial centres into close connection with our neighbors at the south.

THE Farmers' Alliance is not to have the field alone to itself in the West. A large meeting of railway employés was recently held at Omaha, Neb., and organized a branch of the Railway Employés Club, which has a foothold in various sections of the West. The object of these clubs is political. The members will support for office candidates who will favor laws opposed to the oppression of capital. In some close States the railway employés themselves may hold the balance of power, but in every State where they are well organized they and the friends whom they can enlist in their cause must prove a formidable factor in politics.

IT is rather surprising to find in so good and reliable a little newspaper as the Colorado City (Tex.) *Clipper*, published not far from Midland, Texas, where the recent rain-making experiments were carried out, a statement to the effect that the experiments were a total failure. The special correspondent of the *Clipper* publishes a certificate from a number of citizens to the effect that the Dyrenforth party accomplished nothing in the way of producing rain. He says before the party came a nice rain fell over the country and that the experiments were not responsible in the slightest degree for the rainfall. It now remains for the other side to furnish proofs that the experiments were successful.

THE census of Canada shows a population in the Dominion of 4,823,000, an increase of less than half a million—or about ten and one-half per cent.—during the past ten years. This in spite of the fact that, according to the official returns, over 850,000 immigrants from Europe landed in Canada during the same decade. These facts, taken together, show how large the emigration from Canada to the United States has been during recent years. It proves, too, that the United States, in spite of all the complaints of the Farmers' Alliance organization and of free-traders generally, offers superior inducements to the working-men of Europe and men from the adjoining foreign provinces.

IT is an unusual thing, amid the jealousies of journalism, for a New York newspaper to compliment a rival. The *Tribune* was gracious enough to do this the other day, and the compliment was well-deserved. It was bestowed on the New York *Herald*, which alone, of all the dailies, had correct and complete advices regarding the crisis of the Chilian struggle and the victory of the insurgents. By the way, it is this faculty the *Herald* has of coming to the front when extraordinary news is to be had, that has continued its circulation and success in spite of the severest competition on the part of some lively contemporaries. The *Herald* doesn't waste much ammunition, but it hits the bull's-eye pretty often.

A GERMAN engineer, Carl Eduard Haupt, has made a specialty of the hot-house culture of grapes, cherries and flowers, and has practically demonstrated that grapes can be grown under glass on the plains of North Germany, and at a profit. In 1883 and 1884 he erected a plain, cheap glass structure, in which he began the cultivation of grapes by heat and artificial rain. In 1885 for the first time wine was made from these grapes, and it was of excellent quality and cost only fifteen cents a quart to produce. It is said that his experiments will lead to results of the greatest value and will make the German vintage independent of seasons, paving the way for the production of good wines at low prices.

FROM the Pacific to the Atlantic by rail in a little over three days is quick time—almost a thousand miles a day; but from Japan to New York in fourteen days, a large part of the distance by steamship lines, is very fast time even for this rapid age. The Canadian Pacific steamship, the *Empress of India*, which left Yokohama August 19th, with mails for this country and England, made the passage from Yokohama to Victoria in nine days and nineteen hours. By special arrangement with the Canadian Pacific Railroad a lightning train took the mails to Morristown, N. Y., and then a special flyer on the New York Central brought them on to this city in time to catch an outbound steamer. This advances the Japan mail ten days ahead of the best service on record. It is a great achievement. Evidently we have not reached the highest speed in mail carriage, and this means that the time required for passenger journeys by rail and water can be considerably lessened.

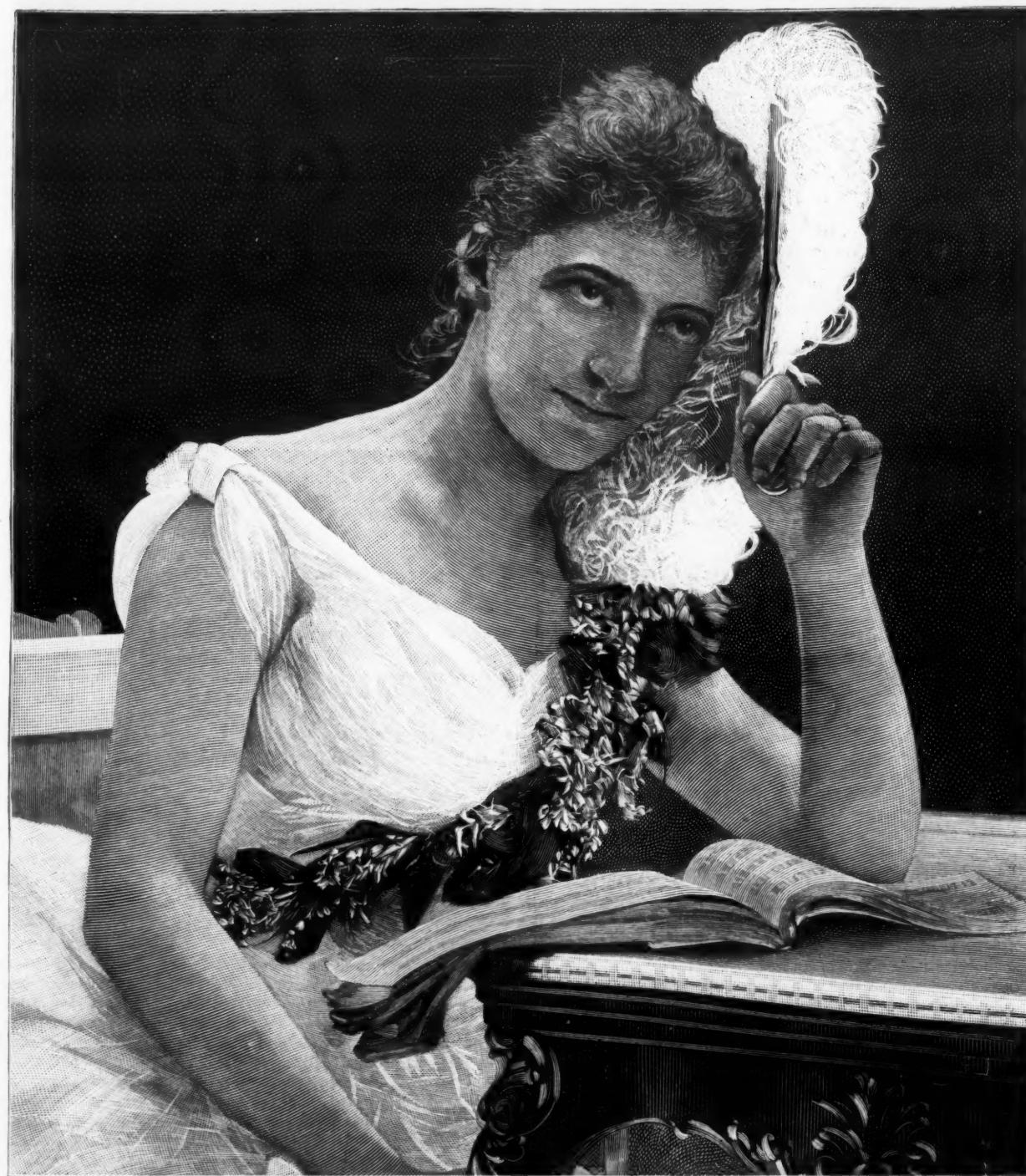
THE vicissitudes of life in a new country like ours are illustrated by the experience of Benjamin Noyes, who recently died at a hospital in New Haven, Conn., at the age of seventy-five years. From the humblest beginning he rose to a commanding position as a successful business man and amassed a fortune. At the opening of the Rebellion, when money was needed for the equipment of troops, Mr. Noyes telegraphed the Governor of Connecticut: "Draw on me at sight for fifty thousand dollars." Following this he sent to New York and bought cloth to make into soldiers' uniforms, so that in an incredibly short time a thousand men were ready to march to the front. Mr. Noyes was credited with raising, arming, and equipping the first regiment to go to the war from Connecticut. He held several State offices with credit, founded a newspaper, was active in politics, but went into too many enterprises and was overwhelmed by disaster in the time of general depression. Thus the richest man in the State, the owner of the most beautiful residence in New Haven, finally became poor, broken in health, and dependent in his later years for support upon the benevolence of friends. How much of life there is in such an experience!

## A NOTABLE SOCIETY FIGURE.

THE marriage of Miss Sallie Hargous to Mr. Duncan Elliott is undoubtedly the most important social event of the season. Miss Hargous has been one of the most prominent figures in New York society, and has reigned as the belle of Newport for the past two seasons. She has been accounted one of the most strikingly attractive girls in metropolitan society, and has, perhaps, been more extensively written about than any other woman of her years. She is the youngest of three sisters, all of whom possess great charms of person and manner. Their father was born in France, and the mother was the daughter of a fine old Irish family. The daughters have inherited the best qualities peculiar to each nationality. Miss Hargous has been fancy free until the fate which decides all such matters brought Mr. Duncan Elliott to her feet and gave him possession of her willing heart. The arrangements for the wedding have been on a most generous scale, three thousand invitations having been issued.

## A STATUE OF THE POPE.

WE give on this page an illustration of the marble statue of Pope Leo XIII, the gift of Count Joseph de Loubat, of New York, to the Catholic University at Georgetown, D. C., which is to be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on the 28th instant. The statue, which is a reproduction of a colossal statue of Leo XIII, which the celebrated sculptor Cavaliere Lucchetti (pupil of Tenerani, himself a pupil of Thorwaldsen) made for the Propaganda on the occasion of the holy father's jubilee. The statue was exhibited in Rome, and achieved the greatest success. The reproduction is in first-class Saravezza marble, which is quite an interesting incident in sculpture, for it is the first time that such marble has been used for so large a statue. It is fourteen feet high including the pedestal, and cost ten thousand dollars. The pontiff is represented as seated on the Papal throne, wearing the triple crown and vested with the cassock, the alb, the stole, and the cope. The face wears a gentle expression and the right arm is raised slightly, with the hand open and the palm turned upward, as though inviting spiritual contemplation or invoking benediction. The left hand reposes on the arm of a chair. The background of the statue will be an elaborately carved niche or recess, on either side of which is a paneled pillar with carved capital, the two joined by an arch, at the apex of which is the Papal arms, with cross and keys. The pedestal has three sides exposed, on each of which is a square panel of darker marble.



A NOTABLE SOCIETY FIGURE—MRS. DUNCAN ELLIOTT, NÉE MISS SALLIE HARGOUS.

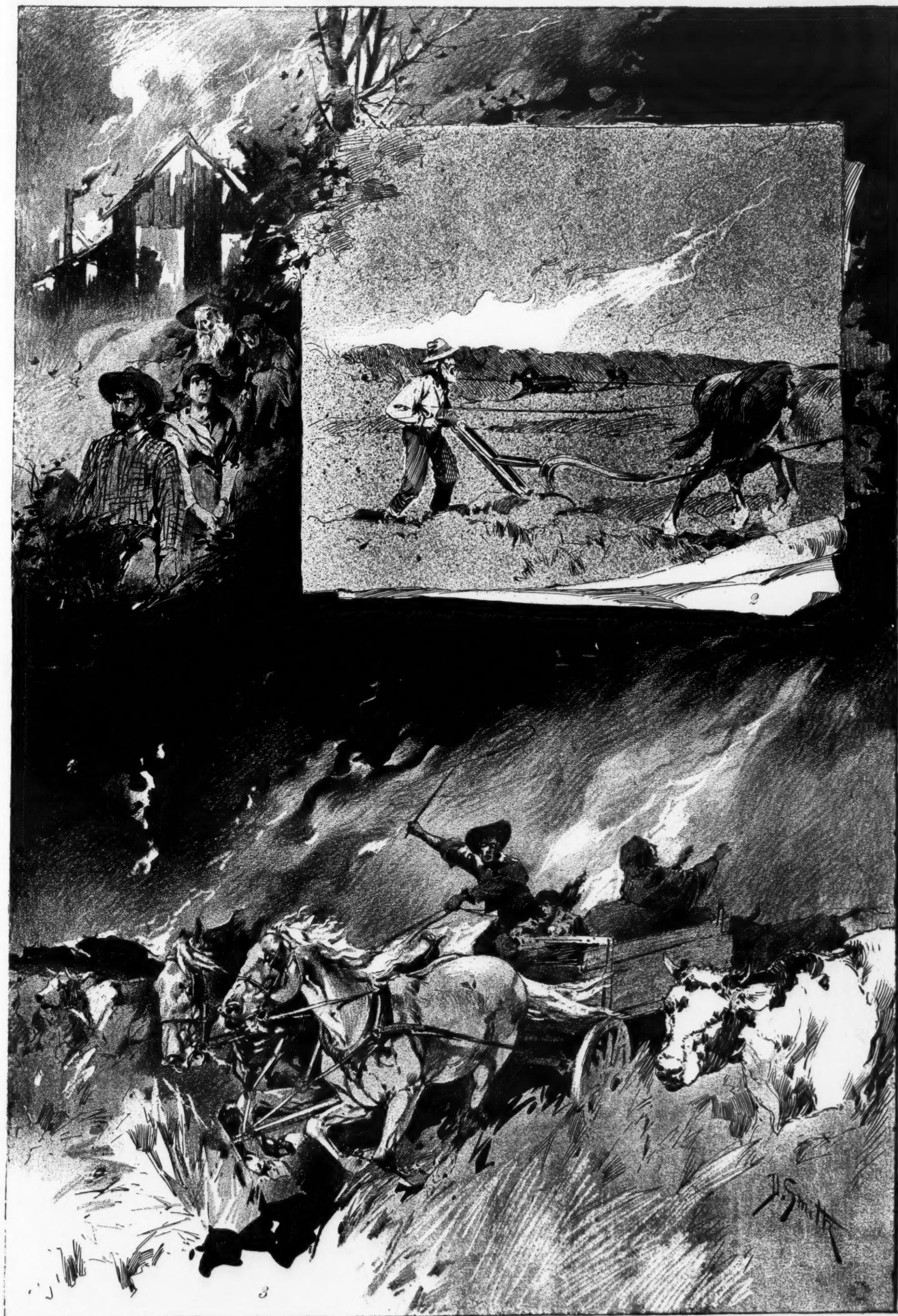


STATUE OF POPE LEO XIII, AT THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, GEORGETOWN, D. C.

The statue will stand temporarily in the prayer-room of the university. It will ultimately be stationed in a commanding niche in the new building to be erected near the theological building. It is the first statue erected to a living Pope, and for that reason no inscription has been placed on the pedestal but the Pope's name. The inscription on the pedestal of the statue in Georgetown was composed by the holy father himself.

Mr. Loubat has ordered two other reproductions of this statue, one for Carpinetto Romano, the birthplace of the Pope, and the other for Perugia, the old home of his holiness, and, as he says, his second birthplace.

ADRIAN C. ANSON, CAPTAIN OF THE CHICAGO BASE-BALL CLUB.  
[SEE PAGE 106.]



1. DRIVEN FROM HOME. 2. PLOWING THE PRAIRIE TO ARREST THE FLAMES. 3. FLYING BEFORE THE FIRE.

DEVASTATING PRAIRIE FIRES IN DAKOTA—AN AREA OF A THOUSAND SQUARE MILES OF HARVEST FIELDS IN FAULK COUNTY BURNED OVER.  
DRAWN BY DAN SMITH—[SEE PAGE 107.]

## A FACE.

WHERE waters lave a sandy shore,  
And ships go sailing by;  
Where frowns a fortress, grim and old,—  
We met, this maid and I.

I say we "met." This is not true,  
As fashion would decree.  
I'll abrogate the custom old  
When next I meet with thee.

I'll lift my hat just like a prince  
To you, dear one, and say:  
"A thousand pardons now I beg;  
I think we met one day."

If she resents my action bold  
I'll, smiling, ask her grace;  
And murmur something then about  
"Mistaken in the face."

How vain am I to dream of thee,  
Oh, fairest of the fair!  
And as for speaking when we meet—  
You know I would not dare.

ALBANY, N. Y.

JAMES MARTIN.

## A QUEER STORY.

BY ADA MARIE PECK.



OOD luck attended Felix Dampier like a faithful servant from his birth. An unexceptionable ancestry, a modest fortune, perfect health, fine intellectual powers and energy to use them—what more could he ask? He was even succeeding in his chosen profession beyond his utmost hopes, and could look with pardonable pride upon the neat sign, "Dr. Dampier," which announced to the ailing

world that he was at its service. Perhaps he was too successful—if he had established his fine practice laboriously he would have had less time to busy himself with wildly speculative theories and abstruse studies. But his popularity was achieved, so to say, at a bound. Naturally skillful and clever, this same henchman, Good Luck, brought him a wealthy patient with a dangerous and difficult disease. He treated it successfully and his reputation was established; practice came pouring in, and naturally, having reached the summit of his desire, he sighed for new worlds to conquer.

Dampier was not selfish, and having risen to the pinnacle of success with a flying leap, did not sit there wrapped in egotism and grinning like a gargoyle to see his less fortunate brethren hewing, step by step, their weary way up the rocky ascent: instead, he held out a helping hand, and recommended patients to this or that struggling young practitioner. Yet, with all his success and all his charities, he was restless. He could not accept Goethe's assertion that "man was not born to solve the problem of the universe" without first making an effort to the contrary. Heart-failure, for instance, was one little sum in the vast problem which he had never been able to understand. A patient, apparently of vigorous constitution, after a brief illness died. Physically he was almost unchanged; there was no wasting away; with bone, muscle and flesh almost unimpaired he stopped breathing. The course of the disease did not warrant it—but—his heart ceased to act. Why? What became of the power which gave it motion—the life, electricity, or subtle something no man could name? Again, why could not, under favorable circumstances, this undefined something be collected, condensed and put back in the body, and the heart, once more supplied with its escaped motive power, go on acting; go on forcing the rich red blood through the arteries, veins, and capillaries? Always providing the course of the disease had been brief—for Dr. Dampier's scientific audacity did not yet permit him to entertain the belief that wasted tissues could be made to resume their normal state and functions.

He was in the midst of one of these speculations when Dr. Kerr, an aged practitioner whom he occasionally met at a consultation, was shown in.

"A puzzling case?" questioned the old doctor.

"No; oh, no;" replied Dampier with some confusion, as he rose to shake hands with him. "And yet it is," he continued, with an after-thought that perhaps the wider experience of Dr. Kerr might be of use to him. "I was revolving the subject of heart-failure. But be seated." And he drew an easy-chair to the curiously carved teak-wood table and placed a well-filled cigar-holder before him, then seated himself opposite.

Dr. Dampier was in the full vigor of manhood, with heavy brown hair—worn rather longer than the fashion—thrown carelessly back, and keen hazel eyes, that yet had the dreamy look peculiar to the deep thinker. His guest's countenance would have commanded a second look anywhere, but there, with the drop-light shining squarely in his face, the contradicitoriness of his features attracted Dampier's attention with a sort of fascination. His abundant hair was only sparsely lined with gray, and his eyebrows and mustache were quite black, while his eyes had a youthful sparkle in marked contrast to his withered, parchment-like skin; his hand, too, Dampier noticed, as it lay on the crimson plush of the table-cover, had the look of extreme age.

"Heart-failure," said Dr. Kerr, picking up the dropped thread of conversation, "is too frequently the scapegoat of the unskillful or careless physician; it is a phrase covering a multitude of sins."

"Yes, yes; I know," assented Dampier with an air of impatience; "but here is the question"—and he lowered his voice—

"what becomes of the motive power of the heart?" He then gave a rapid outline of his theory.

Dr. Kerr listened with closest attention; his deep-set eyes seemed to glow under the shaggy fringe of eyebrows—then, trembling with emotion, he rose, stretched his hand across the table, seized Dampier's wrist, exclaiming with a vehemence which startled him: "I have prayed for this hour for years!" Then for a moment he was silent, dropping his head on his chest as if in deep thought. When he raised it he looked furtively around the room, fixed his eyes, glowing as with some unnatural fire, penetratingly on his companion's face: "I know what becomes of this power," he said in a curious muffled tone that somehow made little chills creep down Dampier's back. "I have captured it—condensed it!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Imprisoned in a vial,"—and here his grasp grew painfully tight and he again looked suspiciously around the room—"I have enough of this revivifying essence to prolong our lives a century!"

Dampier shook like a leaf with suppressed excitement as he held his breath to hear the completion of this wonderful tale, and his hand grew numb under the still tightening pressure.

"Twice I have died," continued Dr. Kerr in a whisper, bringing his face on a level with his companion's and looking into his eyes with a glance so intense that it seemed to burn; "and yet you see me in possession of comparative health and strength! I am old—old; but unless some unforeseen accident happens I may live another century,—we both may live—for upon you this depends."

"Upon me! I do not understand how," returned Dampier, rapidly devising some method of escape; for he felt convinced that he was in the clutches of a madman.

Dr. Kerr relaxed his hold of Dampier's wrist, sank back in his chair, and resumed ordinary conversational tones.

"You remember that my servant was drowned over a month ago, and that I failed to find his body. He alone shared this secret with me. I tested the essence upon him—he once died of apoplexy—I revivified him and made him my confidant, and to his administration of the subtle fluid upon two occasions—once, when I dropped dead of so-called 'heart-failure,' again, when a severe blow from a falling stick of timber was said to have killed me—I owe my present existence. Now, as you see," he said, with a smile which was a ghastly attempt at facetiousness, "it is literally a case of 'physician heal thyself,' and my precious elixir is worthless unless you will co-operate with me."

There was something so convincing in the old doctor's manner that Dampier merged all thought of insanity into the belief that he had, instead, mastered an occult science, and most readily promised to aid him. So the two talked in low tones until long after midnight, when Dampier went out with his strange guest and did not come back until the red glow of sunrise streaked the gray dawn. He then threw himself on a couch in his office to catch a moment's sleep, for he found a telegram awaiting him asking him to come by the earliest train to an adjoining town to give counsel in a critical case.

On his homeward journey his companions rallied him upon his preoccupied manner, and he was conscious of a feeling of depression, but was horrified to have his forebodings realized by the news that Dr. Kerr's driver, who was intoxicated, drove in front of an in-coming express train, which caught the carriage-wheel, flinging the doctor on the track, where he was dismembered and horribly mutilated.

As Dampier looked at the remains, crushed out of human semblance, a sickening sensation of defeat came over him—a sense of the futility of struggling against fate; of the infinitesimal power of human skill compared to Infinite wisdom; the pygmy pitted against the giant—sure to be crushed at last. "A score or more of years," he thought; "a century—what matters it? Who would care to live it?" Then there came back to him the remembrance of a solemn promise made to the dead man that morning, and his recollection was pointed by meeting on his walk home a well-known lawyer, who was on his way to place in his hands certain papers intrusted to him that very day—one, a will, making Dampier the deceased doctor's executor and heir, with the exception of some small bequests.

To Dampier, the most valued part of his inheritance was the vial of life-giving essence, which he lost no time in securing. It was a colorless liquid in a vial of much thicker glass than ordinary, which was closely stoppered and placed in a wide-mouthed bottle which was also closely corked, the whole inclosed in a thickly-lined morocco case. He examined it with a feeling of awe, yet without much faith, and after he had placed it securely in a cabinet in his office, forgot the matter except at rare intervals.

In the meantime his fame was rapidly growing. His diagnosis of a case was valued beyond that of his brother physicians; he presided at clinics and demonstrations in anatomy. One evening a class in the latter was held. Dampier had become hardened to such sights, and viewed the dead human body with the utmost indifference; to him it was simply a means serving an end;—so, scalpel in hand, he went toward the dissecting-board with his usual callousness, but as the student in attendance uncovered the face an inexplicable thrill passed over him; there seemed a tight clasp on his wrist, as if fingers cold, yet fervid, closed around it—a pressure so close that he dropped the instrument he held, and could have sworn that deep-set eyes glowing in a shadowy face met his with their burning glance; that they entreated, implored—he even fancied that he heard a familiar muffled voice whisper: "Test the essence!"

The corpse was that of a beautiful young girl, who seemed rather asleep than dead. Her long, golden hair had become unbound and swept the floor; there was a faint smile hovering around her lips, and her full lids and curving lashes were those of one in repose.

"Stop!" authoritatively commanded Dr. Dampier, as the student proceeded to uncover the body. "This is sacrilege; this is no pauper subject—it must be inquired into."

Then he left the room, called back the men who brought the body, directing them to remove it, not to its grave, as the students supposed, but to his office, where, after hastily postponing the class, he met the men, dismissing them with a heavy fee, which meant silence. The body was placed on a couch in his inner office; he secured himself against intrusion and administered the elixir, anxiously bending over the cold, still form.

There was no look of death, except a certain rigidity, about the beautiful girl before him; even her grave-clothes were those of every-day life—a girlish dress of some soft, white stuff with a full waist, confined by a broad sash of creamy silk. Breathless he watched. There was no sign of returning life;—the experiment was futile; Dr. Kerr was a madman; the professed essence so much water. Again he administered it, hanging above the rigid figure in such agony of suspense that beads of perspiration stood upon his face. Was there—could there be a slight flush stealing over the pallor? A slight flutter to the heart? He could have sworn there was. Again he gave the essence. There was a trembling of the eyelids, a twitching and reddening of the lips; the white folds were softly stirred by the feebly fluttering heart. He chafed the cold little hands, filtered a drop of wine through the closed teeth, then a half-dozen drops. The beautiful eyelids were slowly raised, revealing a pair of eyes like violets.

"Where am I?" faintly whispered the girl, showing no fear of the strange face bent above her.

"With friends," answered the doctor, reassuringly.

"Then I should like to rest," she said with a satisfied air, "for I am very tired."

Carefully closing the door, Dampier rang for his servant, ordering him to bring hot broth without delay. Time never seemed so long. If he should be foiled by inanition! But the broth soon came, and the warm liquid had the desired effect. The girl made an attempt to move, and complained that her feet were cramped. Dampier removed the little satin slippers and chafed her feet; then, throwing a rug over his patient, as he now came to think her, had the satisfaction of seeing her fall into a restful and natural sleep, from which he awakened her at intervals to give nourishment. Her strength returning, she made an effort to raise herself on her elbow, but evinced neither fear nor curiosity.

"I am Dr. Dampier, at your service," he said, as she looked at him with her soft blue eyes. "I found you quite ill, and have been doing what I could to relieve you."

"Thank you," she said, simply.

"Your name," questioned Dampier, "is—?"

She raised her hand to her head in a confused manner.

"I do not know—I cannot think."

"Agnes?" suggested Dampier, for she looked so pure and saint-like that it seemed appropriate.

"Agnes?" she repeated, reflectively. "Yes, Agnes—and that other name you mentioned—Dampier. Agnes Dampier; that is it."

"So much the better," thought Dampier, who saw now that the past was a blank to her, and who had to concoct some plausible story to tell his housekeeper, whom he went to summon. "A young relation of mine, who has been unkindly and unjustly treated by her step-mother, has come to me for protection. She has come in a thin house dress, without necessary toilet articles, and I depend upon you to aid me in the matter." Then he added in his authoritative manner that no questions were to be asked and that, as Miss Agnes was very tired, there must be only absolutely necessary conversation.

It was evident, as time passed, that Agnes's former life was forgotten, that her mind was open to receive fresh impressions. She was intelligent enough; she could read and converse. If Dampier led in any subject she seemed to follow, but never to open conversation, and daily she grew in health, strength, and beauty—in short, to him she was the personification of all that was lovely and desirable in a woman. A certain apathy in her manner was, in his eyes, dignity and maidenly reserve; the noiseless, automatic way she moved in her soft, trailing dresses, the perfection of grace; and, unquestionably, she was rarely, exquisitely beautiful. He came to love her with an all-absorbing passion, which it seemed to him would be sacrilege to breathe in her ear. But one day, when he came home from a long, cold drive to find her awaiting him with a faint blush on her delicate cheeks, a soft light in her violet eyes, and a gracious, almost tender acknowledgment of a box of roses he had ordered for her, he could no longer restrain himself. The room, with its air of comfort, in contrast to the cold and storm; the languorous perfume of the roses, Agnes's lissome figure in its clinging folds of pale-blue cashmere, her shy air of welcome,—all moved him. He knelt by her side, so possessed of sudden passionate yearning that he could hardly articulate except to say, "I love you."

She drew his head to her breast; she let him encircle her slender waist.

"I, too, love you," she murmured.

"Will you be my wife?" he whispered.

"Soon, very soon," he impetuously urged, as she gave her shy consent.

"To-morrow, if you wish," she answered, to his astonishment and delight.

Dampier took the precaution to engage a clergyman from a distant city to perform the ceremony. At its close it seemed to him like a dream that this exquisite creature should surrender herself to him so completely and willingly, and his infatuation was such that it was a long time before he awakened to the fact that there was something echo-like about her. Did he desire to be caressed, she was affectionate; was he silent and uncommunicative, she, too, sat apart silent. He had to acknowledge that never once in his recollection had she made an affectionate demonstration that was not first desired on his part—in short, the appalling fact that she simply echoed his emotions, his moods, desires and passions, was becoming more apparent every day. Yet he tried to blind himself to the sad truth, for he loved her with increasing devotion. His marriage had thus far been kept strictly private, for he dared not bring her in contact with people. He feared what she might or might not say to them, and as in the drives he took her she was closely veiled and wrapped, it was generally accepted that she was his sister or other relative somewhat out of health. Now, it seemed best to him to take her out openly, to gradually bring people in her way, and in that manner arouse her dormant mind, although in his heart of hearts (in moments when he was not blinded by his great love) he felt that she was a living automaton—that the motive power was there, but the subtler part, the soul, was not. After he had accustomed her to people, he further planned to take her away for a journey, and upon his coming back to intro-

duce her as his bride. Her great beauty caused many admiring glances to be turned toward the doctor's carriage, and one morning, when they were driving in the park, they were met by a gentleman on horseback—a stranger to Dampier—who almost stopped, so intently was he looking at Agnes. After that they met him frequently, and one day, as the carriage was waiting before a pharmacy where the doctor had stopped to leave some orders, the stranger approached it and entered into conversation with Agnes. When Dampier came out he was just raising his hat to her upon leaving.

"Who was that gentleman?" questioned Dampier with some anxiety.

"I don't quite remember," she replied. "I must have known him sometime, but I do not seem to recall his name."

That evening Dampier was surprised when, in response to an office summons, he found the same gentleman awaiting him. He took the proffered card, which read, "Mr. Adrian Helmer," and looked inquiringly up.

"I have not called professionally," said Helmer, sternly, "but to demand satisfaction at your hands."

"Satisfaction!" repeated Dampier with a bewildered look.

"Yes; satisfaction, you d—d scoundrel!" thundered Helmer, taking him by the coat-collar and shaking him vigorously. "Such satisfaction as the bullet can give the brother of a debauched sister."

Dampier was athletic, and soon freed himself and stood on the defensive.

"What is the meaning of this unprovoked attack?" he demanded.

"Meaning!" shouted the infuriated man. "The meaning is that I demand my sister, whom you drugged into a trance or raised from the dead by some hellish rite; whom you have degraded and made an imbecile!"

Dampier stood appalled; a ghastly pallor spread over his face, but before he could speak Helmer went on:

"I question, and find that you have no wife, but an invalid cousin whose guardian you are. The professed cousin is my sister. I can prove it. I was attracted by the strong resemblance when I first met you in the park. I came to your carriage to-day to verify my suspicions. As she turned her head, there, on her neck, just below the ear, was a birth-mark peculiar to our family; and on her wrist the scar of a burn and the very bracelet she always wore to conceal it. I went to the family vault; I tore the lid off the coffin—it was empty!"

Dampier essayed to make some explanation, but Helmer would not listen, and continued:

"My sister died during my absence in Europe, and my parents soon followed her. There is no way to know the facts of the matter, except that you have degraded her and that you shall die like a dog."

The frenzied man drew a revolver, aimed it at Dampier's heart, but with swift, noiseless approach—perhaps in response to his mental cry for help—a slight figure with uplifted arms darted between them. Helmer tried to drop the weapon, but the movement he made only sent the ball on its deadly errand. It passed through Agnes's body and under Dampier's arm, which was raised to strike it to the ground.

"My God! you have killed her," groaned Dampier, as he supported the falling form. He staggered to the cabinet with her, wrenched off the door and seized the case containing the essence. The ball had passed through it, shattering the vial, and the precious liquid had escaped. He tore out the satin lining and frantically strove to wring even one drop from it. He held it to the dying girl's nostrils, but at that moment she ceased to breathe.

Helmer stood back aghast while Dampier hung over the beautiful, lifeless body with agonized face, moaning, "Dead—dead beyond hope." Then, when they had laid the body on the couch and tenderly covered it, Dampier turned to Helmer, saying:

"I am not as guilty as you think," and gave him an outline of the story, showing him the marriage certificate.

Helmer's only response was a shudder of repulsion.

"It is a queer story," he said, after a few moments' silence. "I suppose I must believe you. Now we must plan to hush this matter up—or, rather, to prevent its being known. Then I shall sail for Europe, and I pray God I may never see your face again."

The world believed that Dr. Dampier's "cousin" died under a difficult and dangerous surgical operation—that there was no hope from the first. But Dampier knew that an inexorable hand had crushed another of man's efforts for supremacy.

#### IN FASHION'S GLASS.

[Any of our lady subscribers who are desirous of making purchases in New York through the mails, or any subscribers who intend visiting the city, will be cheerfully directed by the editor of the Fashion Department to the most desirable establishments, where their wants can be satisfactorily supplied; or she will make purchases for them when their wishes are clearly specified.]

OUTDOOR festivities, as befits the season, are now the order of the day—and evening, too, for that matter—and the garden party is one of woman's particular opportunities to lend herself to the daily pictorialism of life. The fact is, it is woman's destiny to be decorative, and as nature has specially moulded her for the purposes of beauty, it is her duty to follow the dictates of nature and become as picturesque as possible. So, when the invitation card is received stating how many hours she will be expected to spend upon the lawn under the trees, and divining the colors which are likely to be most worn, the woman who knows how to dress will design her costume with a view to its decorative relation to the general scenic possibilities, rather than with any arbitrary rule of prevailing fashions. If every one did this we might soon learn how to "exist beautifully," and present as charming outdoor pictures as did the courtly dames of France a century ago.

A few costumes recently displayed at a brilliant open-air *réve* are quite worthy of notice. One is a dress of pale heliotrope Indian cashmere. The skirt is gracefully draped at the sides and trimmed around the foot with rows of narrow white-silk braid headed with a line of white-silk bobs. The wide belt and cuffs are also adorned in this manner, while the pleated

under-bodice and the upper portions of the sleeves are formed of white surah. Another pretty gown is made of grenadine with a dainty design of roses upon it. The bodice has an inner jabot-like fichu from the shoulders, made of the same material, revealing a vest of pale pink chiffon, while bretelles of coarse lace are graduated into the waist and the same line is cleverly continued on each side of the paneled skirt.

A simple yet effective dress is made of tan-colored *foulé*. The plain skirt is edged with a two-inch knife-pleated frill of India silk to match, put on with a tiny heading of gold gimp. Outlining the square shape of the bodice is a kilted frill of the silk, and the vest, which is gathered from the yoke of gold embroidery, is also of the silk, while round the waist and catching the fronts of the bodice together are bands of gold galon. A more elaborate gown is of old-rose colored crêpe shot with white. The make is perfectly simple, with a full bodice and gathered skirt, becomingly relieved with long braces of silver passementerie which terminate at the hem of the skirt with small silver tassels. A pointed girdle, deep cuffs reaching to the elbows, and rounding epaulets on the shoulders are made of the same trimming.

Bodices terminating at the waist may be seen on several stylish dresses, and when gathered from the shoulders, edged with deep frills, and crossed over into a belt they are specially successful. The V formed by the crossing of the folds may be filled up with a jabot of chiffon, a shirring of lace, or rows of passementerie or embroidery.

As a complete change from the full basques and long jackets, there is a charming model of a dress of black *voile*, with a bodice straight on the shoulders and just pleated to fit into the waist at each side. The top portion is cut out into a semicircle, which does not meet in the front, but develops into a V almost reaching to the waist and is trimmed around with a gold galon and embroidered with jet. The inner bodice, which is, of course, revealed by this, is made of black and gold striped pekin, while the sleeves are of the plain black *voile*, the belt is of the galon, and the hem of the skirt is bordered with a band of the striped pekin, over which a fringe of gold and jet beads dangles prettily.

The illustration shows a rich costume for receptions, morning weddings, and the like. It is of the Louis XV. period, and is of *crème faille*. The skirt is *broché*, with a floral design on a cream ground. The waistcoat has a full jabot of *mousseline de soi*.

Gloves, always an important element of good dressing, are to be obtained in unlimited variety. They are made to order to match costumes at a trifling extra cost, and the four-buttoned chevrette are the favorite mode for shopping and morning wear. For those of luxurious taste there are imported *snède* gloves delicately perfumed to delight the senses.

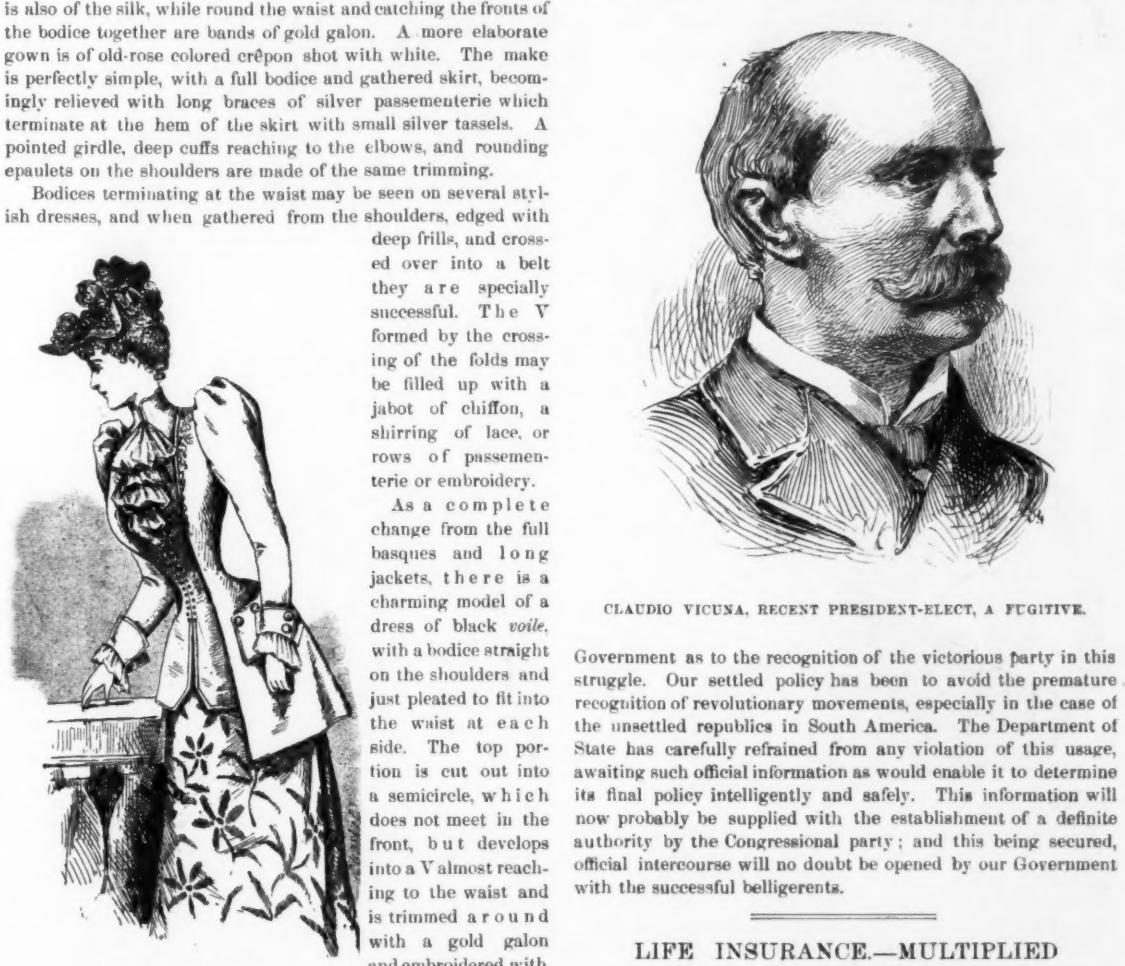
*Ella Starr*

#### THE SITUATION IN CHILI.

THE situation in Chili seems to have become quiet with the triumph of the Congressional party in the capture of Valparaiso and Santiago. Dispatches from the United States Minister at the Chilian capital represent that the Congressional junta are taking steps for the reorganization of the Government

in accordance with the changed condition of affairs; and there seems to be no doubt that the new order will have the popular approval. A number of war-ships heretofore supporting the Government have been surrendered to the representatives of the successful revolutionists. The political refugees formerly identified with the party of President Balmaceda will be sent to Peru under the protection of United States and German men-of-war. This action was taken because the Congressional party had refused to give guarantees of safety to those who sought asylum on our ships. Among those to whom such guarantee was refused, was the recent President-elect, Claudio Vicuna.

Some interest is felt concerning the probable action of our



LOUIS XV. COSTUME.



CLAUDIO VICUNA, RECENT PRESIDENT-ELECT, A FUGITIVE.

Government as to the recognition of the victorious party in this struggle. Our settled policy has been to avoid the premature recognition of revolutionary movements, especially in the case of the unsettled republics in South America. The Department of State has carefully refrained from any violation of this usage, awaiting such official information as would enable it to determine its final policy intelligently and safely. This information will now probably be supplied with the establishment of a definite authority by the Congressional party; and this being secured, official intercourse will no doubt be opened by our Government with the successful belligerents.

#### LIFE INSURANCE.—MULTIPLIED QUESTIONS.

AGAIN request my correspondents not to be impatient. An unusually large number of requests for information have lately been received. I will endeavor to answer every one as rapidly as possible. My replies will be given in condensed form.

"A Subscriber" at Detroit, asks information regarding the Royal Ark Insurance Company at Boston.—Ans. No such company does business in the city of New York, and my impression is that it is one of the bond schemes. If so I would not touch it.

"C. A. B." of Columbus, Ohio, asks my opinion of the Total Abstinence Life Association of Chicago.—Ans. It is a small assessment company; are not some of the oldest extant run on that plan?—Ans. The oldest companies are run on the old-line plan. (4) Do any companies return cash to one lapsing after the regular limit of contestability?—Ans. All the old-line companies are required in this State to give a cash surrender value or paid-up policy after three years. (5) Cannot the charge of extravagant management be sustained against the three great New York companies?—Ans. The ratio of expenses in those companies is less than in many other and smaller companies. (6) Would you consider the twenty-payment life plan of the Mutual of New York as good a plan for a young man of twenty-five to thirty as any?—Ans. Yes.

"C. S. R." wants my opinion of the Hartford Life Annuity Insurance Company. Safety Fund Department, as compared with old-line companies, so far as responsibility goes.—Ans. The Hartford Life was formerly an old-line company; it now transacts business on the assessment plan. It is good of its kind, but I certainly should not prefer it to the old-line companies. This will probably be a sufficient reply to "Mrs. A. E. F." of Indianapolis, whose inquiry, while it is not very clear, seems to be in reference to the standing of the same company.

"Mrs. L. C. H." of New Haven, wants to know whether the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company's policy is transferable.—Ans. It depends upon the form of the contract; if you will let me know what that is I will reply. But why not ask some officer or agent of the company?

"G. W. W." of Blair, Neb., wants information regarding the Continental Life Insurance Company of Hartford, which went into the hands of a receiver three years ago.—Ans. Write to Hon. O. R. Fyler, Insurance Commissioner, Hartford, Conn.

"N. S." of South Bend, Ark., wants information regarding the Massachusetts Mutual Life of Springfield, Mass., and asks if I would advise him to risk his money with it.—Ans. This company is a good one, but it is neither as large nor as solid as any of the great New York companies, in my opinion.

"W. H. M." of Bay City, Mich., asks regarding the Manufacturers' Accident Insurance Company of Geneva, N. Y.—Ans. I presume my correspondent refers to the Manufacturers' Accident Indemnity Company. It is a pretty good company of the assessment kind, having about fifteen thousand certificates outstanding.

"W. T. P." of Haverstraw, N. Y., asks regarding the Rochester Mutual Life Insurance Company of Rochester.—Ans. I think there must be an error in the letter of my correspondent. I do not find the name of this company in the New York reports.

"D. B. D." of Rondout, N. Y., asks if the Guarantee Alliance of New York is a safe company?—Ans. This company is five years old, reports a very small balance of net assets, and has only 806 members. I should hardly care to be in such a small crowd.

"F. P. F." of New Haven, says: "I wish to take a \$1,000 endowment policy of insurance. What company would you take it from, and what will it cost me, aged thirty-one years? Also, have they an agent in New Haven?"—Ans. I would suggest an endowment policy in the Mutual Life of New York, the Equitable, or the New York Life. A thirty-year endowment would cost, at the age mentioned, about fifty-five dollars a year. All of these companies have agents in New Haven and everywhere else in the United States.

A number of inquirers in reference to the Flour City Life Association of Rochester will be interested in the fact that an order has been granted by the Attorney-General of this State, for the association to show cause why a temporary receiver for it should not be appointed and an action brought to wind up its affairs. Those of my readers who went into this company, in spite of the advice that I gave to pay a little more and go into some strong company like the great New York companies, now live to regret their folly.

*The Hermit.*



ADMIRAL OSCAR VIEL, INTENDANTE OF VALPARAISO, NOW A FUGITIVE.



SALUTED BY THE COUNTRY BAND.



THE PROCESSION MOVING FROM THE



MAJOR MCKINLEY.

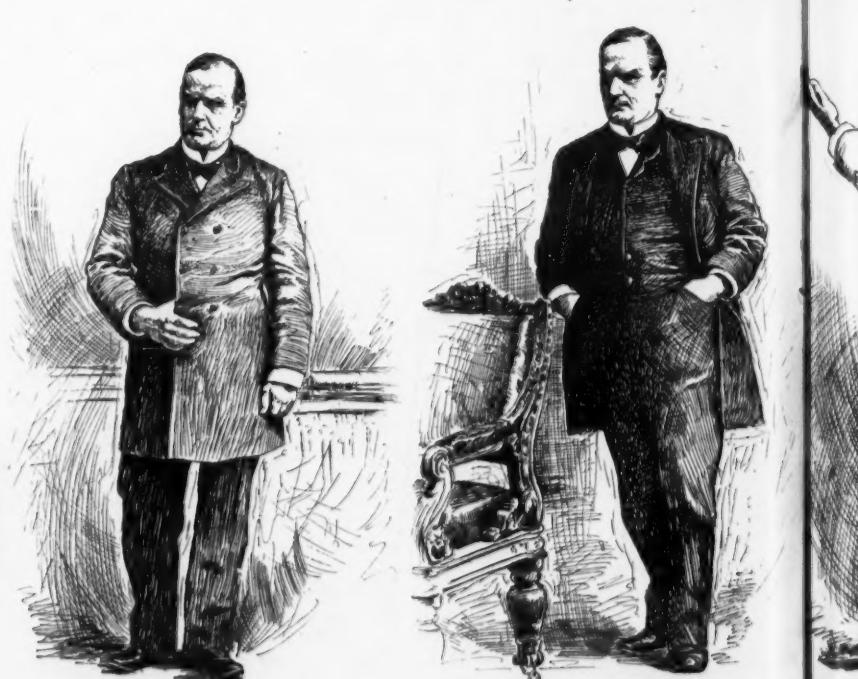
MCKINLEY INTERVIEWED BY AN OLD FARMER.



MCKINLEY IN THE



MCKINLEY AND SOME OF HIS OLD FRIENDS.



SOME OF THE CHARACTERISTICS

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN IN OHIO.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF MCKINLEY'S



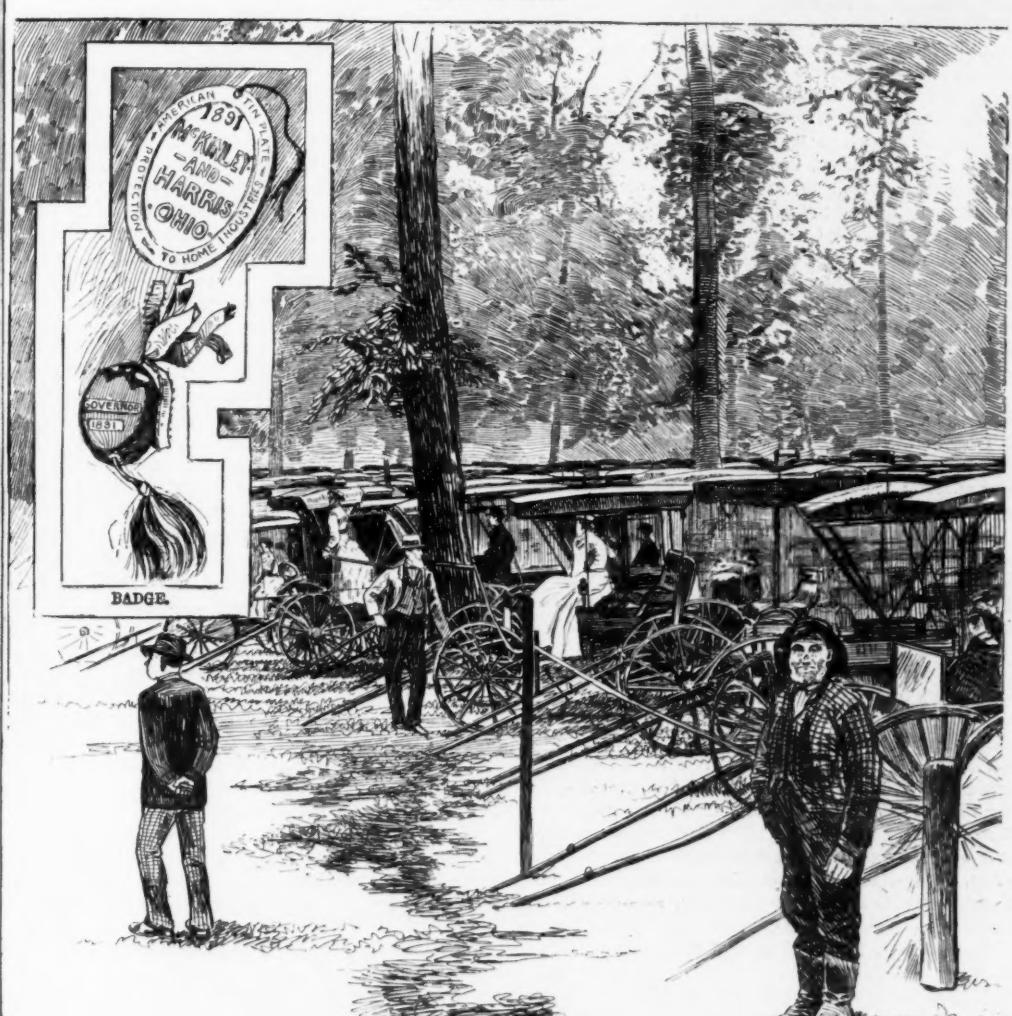
MISSION MOVING FROM THE DEPOT.



COMING IN CARTS.



MCKINLEY AT THE FAIR GROUNDS.



THE COUNTRY WAGONS.



CHARACTERISTICS OF MCKINLEY.



LUNCH WITH MCKINLEY.

## OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION.

CONCLUSION OF MR. WELLS'S NARRATIVE—HIS SLEDGE JOURNEY.

X.

THE traveled route from Good News Bay, Alaska, to Nushagak is about three hundred miles in length, and follows a network of intersecting small streams and lakes. So complete is the chain of waters that overland portaging of one's effects is only necessary in three places, and then for distances of less than a mile.

Scattering patches of spruce are to be seen at intervals along the route, but for most of the distance open reaches of tundra only are encountered. Along the entire Behring Sea coast of Alaska the absence of timber is noticeable. Native villages are few and far apart, and the country looks dreary.

Day after day the expedition pursued its way along the streams, sometimes paddling and sometimes towing the bidarkies, as circumstances made necessary. The snows grew heavier upon the mountains. Old winter was close at hand and a "freeze-up" was liable to come at any time.

On October 22d we reached a small lake and found it covered with ice an inch thick. We made a portage around it with difficulty. That night we could find no wood to build a fire, so a dozen candles were placed in a small wooden box, and over the blaze we managed to cook a scanty meal. Another frozen lake was soon encountered, and as the ice was sufficiently strong to bear our weight, we "skidded" the bidarkies across it and embarked in a tiny creek of running water, which twisted along through the tundra lands in such minute convolutions that we were frequently obliged to lift the bidarkies out on the bank and carry them around the bends. On several occasions the rivulet narrowed to less than a yard in width, and then we had to use axes to chop away the turf on both banks in order to widen the channel sufficiently for the bidarkies to pass.

As we proceeded further the stream enlarged and navigation became less difficult. Tributaries brought additional water, and finally the water-course became a river. Its mouth was in an inlet of Behring Sea, and there we found a native village of considerable size. Finally, after days of difficult travel, we were gladdened by the sight of the long-sought waters of Nushagak inlet, and still pressing on, reached the Bradford salmon cannery. The weather had turned piercingly cold, and we were half frozen and very hungry when we tapped on the cabin door of the cannery-keeper, Frank Krause. Our advent so late in the year caused much surprise, but Krause and his companion promptly offered us hospitality, and we were taken in and provided with comfortable quarters.

Next morning Nushagak inlet was filled with new ice floating back and forth with the tides, and it was impossible for us to cross to the trading-post on the opposite side. Extremely cold weather set in, and for six weeks we remained at the cannery awaiting the time when the floes should cement together and afford us a highway across to Nushagak station.

It should be mentioned here that Nushagak is one of the principal canning and trading stations on the Behring Sea coast of Alaska. There are four salmon-packing establishments on the inlet, Trader Clarke's store, a Moravian mission and school, and four large native villages, the whole being bunched within an area of six square miles.

While waiting for an opportunity to cross the inlet I had arranged with two cannery men, Fred Koltchoff and Fred Andersen, living at the "Scandinavian cannery" near by, to secure their dog teams and sleds for an overland journey south to Katmai station on the Pacific coast. From there I expected to go across Shellikof Straits to Kodiak Island and secure passage on some ship bound for San Francisco. My intention was to leave Nushagak early in February, when the streams would be frozen over and the snow well packed for traveling. The teams for which I bargained consisted of eleven dogs each, all of the Esquimaux strain and in prime condition for the hard midwinter journey in prospect.

On December 18th, with one of these teams and several attendants, I left the Bradford cannery, and speeding away up the Nushagak River, crossed it on the ice, and after a thirty-five-mile run arrived at Trader Clarke's house on the evening of the same day. Price and Indiank were left behind at the Bradford cannery with instructions to follow me in a few days. Mr. Clarke was as much surprised at my arrival as Krause had been, and wondered greatly that we had been able to make the journey south from St. Michael's at so late a season of the year.

But the most astonished man in the settlement was A. B. Schanz, the member of our party who had been left at Forty-Mile Creek on the Yukon six months before, suffering from a severe sickness. He had recovered his health, descended the Yukon, and had preceded us to Nushagak. Not knowing that we were following in his tracks, he had arranged for a sledging journey with Mr. Clarke, intending to visit a lake known to exist several hundred miles inland. He had built a sled and had all arrangements completed for a start when we appeared.

It was accordingly agreed between us that two routes to Katmai should be followed. While he circled inland and visited the lake on his way south I proposed to take the direct route to Katmai and there await his arrival several weeks later.

While making preparations to carry this scheme into effect I frequently visited the Moravian mission, in charge of Rev. F. E. Wolfe. The station was located three miles from the trader's store, and consisted of several fine frame buildings, the creation of the missionary's own hands. His family consisted of a wife, two children, and two lady assistants engaged in the school work. Up to a time three months before my arrival the mission had been prosperous, but the hostility of the resident Greek priest, Father Sheeskin, had made itself felt. The priest had secretly ordered all the native children out of the school, and they had obeyed him with that servile spirit born of long years of Russian tyranny and iron rule.

The missionary had remaining several children from outlying districts, and with commendable grit he was holding his ground, determined to get a new school together if he had to import natives from distant sections of Alaska in order to do it.

My observations of the Greek priest did not dispose me in

his favor. He liked his whisky only too well, and on Christmas Eve he started a drinking-bout at his house preparatory to the church services. The good priest also likes a game of cards with cash stakes.

Sheeskin is a fair sample of the Greek priests in Alaska. Instead of teaching the natives sobriety and Christianity these persons inculcate ideas of an exactly opposite character, and are doing an infinite amount of mischief. Their riotous conduct calls for attention from the Russian Government, whose paid and unworthy representatives they are.

After the arrival of Price and Indiank at Clarke's post the work of preparing for the sledging journey was actively prosecuted. I had constructed a large twelve-foot sled, with iron runners and a bed eight inches above the shoes. The framework of the sled was composed of oak, ash and pine, and was firmly tied together with thongs of deer sinew, few screws or nails being used. A coat of steel-gray paint with red trimmings made the trim little snow-car quite attractive in appearance. I named it the "Earthquake," and blazoned its cognomen in red on the front-piece. This sled was capable of sustaining a weight of six hundred or eight hundred pounds without sinking deeply into the snow, its long, broad runners offering excellent support on the soft surface. I also secured two other sleds of ruder workmanship and not quite so long, which were intended to transport our supplies, etc. All of the available dogs in the settlement were pressed into service in addition to those secured from the canneries, and on January 28th, 1891, six teams, comprising some sixty-five dogs of all sizes, shapes, and degrees of surliness, were in readiness to take our two parties away.

Schanz and Clarke, with their three attendants, had three teams, while I had a similar number for a party of seven persons, including Price, Indiank, two native guides, Was-sut-ka and Pete; and two cannery men, Koltchoff and Gus, who were to act as drivers for the teams and bring them back from Katmai to Nushagak. I had secured for the party fur sleeping-sacks, heavy fur clothing, and a large tent, besides a coal-oil stove and five gallons of oil. This stove proved to be a treasure. The sleds were loaded with all of the provisions which could possibly be carried, including several hundred dried salmon for the dogs. My entire outfit, when loaded upon the three sleds, did not weigh less than twelve hundred pounds, while that of Schanz was almost as heavy.

It was on the afternoon of January 28th, with the thermometer fluctuating near the zero point, that my party started. There was a wild uproar of yelping dogs, a shouting of drivers, a sudden headlong plunge down the trail, and we were off, while the old cannon of the trading-post boomed an echoing farewell.

One of the native guides ran briskly ahead of the foremost team of dogs encouraging them to follow by voice and gesture, while the other teams came panting along in the rear. I occupied a seat on the side rail of the "Earthquake," which led the van, while Gus, my assistant, clutched the steering-handles and held on behind. Next came Koltchoff and Was-sut-ka with eleven panting canines, while Price and Indiank showed up far astern laboring with a mongrel crew of ten curs that had never before worked together in harness and were on the point of mutiny. At Wolfe's Mission we stopped for a few minutes and bade good-bye to the friends there and to our fellow-traveler, Schanz, who was arranging for his start on the following morning.

The sun was sinking behind a gray bank of clouds in the west when we pulled out of the mission amidst the popping of guns and revolvers, and headed away up the frozen surface of the Nushagak. As the shadows of the night came down and the cold increased we still held on our way. The moon had not risen and at length it became almost impossible to see twenty feet ahead. The ice surface was very rough, although covered with snow, and the danger of an upset among the hummocks increased with the darkness. The dogs began to flag and I saw that it would be inadvisable to travel all night as had been intended. So we made for the right-hand bank of the river, and with the aid of a lantern pitched our tent and went into camp.

In the days which followed we made slow progress over streams and tundra, hills and mountains. The snows fell heavily and the "road" had to be cut with snow-shoes in many places. At night we would generally camp in a patch of timber, where the snow was from six to seven feet in depth on a level, and a floor for sleeping purposes could only be obtained by first packing the snow with our snow-shoes and then covering the surface with spruce boughs chopped from the trees. Our camp-fire would oftentimes burn its way down to the ground, leaving us up in the colder regions above the snow, but the little coal-oil stove did excellent service. Every night while the oil held out we would place our little iron comforter inside of the tent, light its three burners, and within a couple of minutes the temperature under the canvas would rise to a comfortable point. On a line stretched through the tent we hung our mits and stockings to dry, while our supper, cooked in the crisp, cold air outside, was devoured in comfort about the stove. The thermometer fluctuated from ten degrees above zero to ten and fifteen degrees below, but never grew much colder. Wrapped in our furs we traveled in comfort and slept snugly at night.

Our dogs when working in the harness were hitched in pairs to a long tow-rope with one intelligent dog as leader at the head. In my own team there were several unique dog characters. One active fellow called "Pete," was attached near the sled and had for his mate in harness a lazy creature traveling under the name of "Murphy." "Pete" was a heavily-furred, bushy-tailed hustler, who was determined to excel in his work. The way that he would strain and pull at the tow-line was admirable, and was in shining contrast to the shiftless, don't-catch-me-pulling ways of the renegade "Murphy," who never tightened his line unless the whip was whistling overhead, but trotted complacently along with tail waving high in the air, while his head turned curiously from side to side as interesting bits of scenery met his eyes. I disliked "Murphy" very much, and "Pete," the working dog, hated him as well, frequently dashing under the tow-line to the loafer's side, pushing him out of the way and tugging and straining with an air that seemed to say, "I'll show you how to do it!" Occasionally "Pete" got so indignant over "Murphy's" short-comings that he could not refrain from biting him in the hind leg, thereby provoking a howl of dissatisfaction

from the sufferer and a shout of congratulation from the driver. Things got so bad finally that I placed a man with a big whip close to "Murphy's" tail and made that erring beast wish that he had never been born. The other dogs in the team were of various degrees of activity, and I often thought while surveying them at work that mankind is caricatured in the dumb animals in a most striking manner.

Our route lay across the Alaskan Peninsula and crossed several lakes of considerable size. Generally the ice was three or four feet thick, but on one lake we had a narrow escape from immersion, the ice-covering over a whirlpool being scarcely an inch thick. As we felt the ice giving way and rushed the dogs forward at topmost speed, the water gurgled up behind the runners.

Leaving the lakes and streams, at length we entered the lofty coast-range of mountains that guards the southern slope of the peninsula overlooking the Pacific. The way at first led up through a dreary, rock-bound cañon, narrow and half-filled with snow and ice. Over the treacherous surface we passed in safety, and curving upward among the peaks, snow-robed and desolate, reached at length small frozen lake which marked the summit of the "divide." All about us was a wild array of peaks bare of any semblance of vegetation and wearing a wild, Arctic aspect. The roar of water could be heard in several cañons, and in one place the torrent had washed away its heavy coverlet of snow leaving a thirty-foot cliff of that material on either bank. In the strata we noticed several red streaks, indicating that at some time or other the red snow of the Arctic regions had fallen upon these mountains.

Our descent of the southern slope of the mountains was marked by an exciting experience. In one place the mountain slope seemed to offer an excellent toboggan-slide with a nice level expanse at the bottom, and I mounted the "Earthquake" with two companions, Gus and Was-sut-ka, for a ride. Casting the dogs loose but retaining the load upon the sled, we started. As the huge overloaded sled gathered headway our hair began to rise, and as the mountain slope lengthened out and we began to whistle at a sixty-mile gait through the air, alarm gave our fun a new aspect. There seemed to be no bottom to the hill. A moment later the sled gave a terrific lunge and Was-sut-ka was pitched overboard, still clinging with both hands to the side-rail of the sled. As his feet and body plowed through the snow they served to check the momentum of the sled a trifle, and when we finally reached the level at the bottom, the "drag" saved us from a charge into a thicket of trees and bushes. It was a ride long to be remembered and not frequently repeated.

A short distance further on we came to a jumping-off place, where the mountain was almost perpendicular and faced by a precipice of solid snow some two hundred feet high. Here, after great difficulty, we lowered the sleds by means of long ropes and got down ourselves by making a detour to one side. Katmai was reached on the evening of this eventful day, and we received a cordial welcome from Trader Smith, the only white man in the place. The village was of good size, containing some two hundred souls, mostly Aleuts, who eked out a living by fishing and hunting the sea-otter.

Near Katmai I found a white man with a small sloop, and chartered it for a voyage across to Kodiak Island, thirty-six miles distant in the Pacific. As Schanz had not yet arrived I left the other members of the party at the trader's house and took passage in the sloop. Heavy winds were encountered, and just as we were entering the harbor at Kodiak the mast went over the side. We had two oars aboard, and with these managed to reach the shore without assistance.

There is a large trading-station of the Alaska Commercial Company located on Kodiak, and there I remained while the company's schooner, the *Lydia*, was sent back to Katmai for Schanz and the others, who arrived inside of the next two weeks.

Finding that there would be no vessel going from Kodiak to San Francisco for several months, I chartered a schooner of thirty-eight tons, and we crossed the Pacific five hundred miles to Sitka, the capital of Alaska. After remaining at Sitka for ten days the steamship *Mexico* arrived and we took passage to Port Townsend, arriving there on May 1st, 1891. Telegrams were immediately sent out announcing our safety. No word had been received from the party for eight months, and the report had gone broadcast over the land that we had perished in Alaska.

The geographical work accomplished by the expedition has already been outlined in the sketches of our travels published in *LESLIE'S*, and embraced survey work on six different rivers. Lakes Arkell, Maude, Cobra's Head, Mansfield, and Clark were discovered, and several mountain ranges and large glaciers located. Alaska still offers a large field for investigators, and it will be many years before it yields up all of its geographical secrets.

E. H. WELLS.

[We shall commence next week the publication of Mr. A. B. Schanz's narrative of his Alaskan experiences.—ED.]

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CAPTAIN ANSON, OF THE CHICAGO BASE-BALL CLUB.

WE give on page 100 a picture of Captain Adrian C. Anson, of the Chicago Base-ball Club. It may be difficult to recognize in this portrait the most unique figure on the base-ball field. Captain Anson has been prominent in the profession for many years, but in no year has he brought together a finer set of ball-players, and showed greater generalship, than during the present season. His personal enthusiasm and determination give him the genuine characteristics of a true leader of men. While a hard disciplinarian, he never says "do" but always says "come." In a close game the chances for a victory are generally on his side, as his men, enthused with his spirit, frequently bat out victories in the ninth inning. No captain has so enriched the coffers of any other club as he has those of the Chicagoans, having sold such celebrated players as Clarkson, Kelly, Dalrymple, Gore, and many others without feeling their loss, and supplying their places with young players who have acquitted themselves most honorably. Take, for example, the case of young Dahlen. Two years ago he was playing with small country clubs in the Mohawk valley; last year he was a member of one of the clubs in the New York State League; he was taken up this year by Anson, carefully trained, and has now sup-

planted on third base such a well-known player and strong batsman as Tommy Burns. In Hutchinson, he has developed certainly the finest pitcher of the country, and has made him more than the equal of Clarkson.

As many great newspaper men have, as it is said, "an instinct for news," so Captain Anson has an instinct for determining the chances a young player may have for success. If Chicago wins—and it looks as though it might—the credit for this club's success will be due entirely to the superior management and the generalship of its captain, Adrian Anson.

#### THE OHIO CAMPAIGN.

THE Republican campaign in Ohio has opened with great vigor and enthusiasm. The initial demonstration, which took place at Niles on the 22d ult., was one of the most remarkable of recent years. Among those in attendance were ex-President Hayes and many of the conspicuous men of the party. The city of Alliance sent a delegation of five hundred, while Painesville sent a special train loaded to the platforms, and a cavalry company, fifty strong, was present from Sharpsville, Pa. Many persons drove from twenty-five to forty miles to do honor to the champion of protection. The city was handsomely decorated, and a feature of the occasion was a great industrial and civic parade. The speech of Mr. McKinley was one of the best he has made, embodying a forcible and eloquent presentation of the issues of the campaign, and pointing out especially the dangers of free coinage and free trade. The meeting as a whole exceeded the great gathering that greeted Blaine and Grant in 1880 at the opening of the Garfield campaign.

Another notable demonstration was held on the 26th ult., at South Salem. This demonstration took the form of a picnic, to which all the people of three counties were invited. A correspondent writes us concerning this affair that "it was a truly great meeting, from eight to ten thousand persons being present. By actual count there were one thousand one hundred and twenty-five vehicles on the grounds at one time. The meeting lasted all day. Mr. McKinley made a great speech for honest money and protection. He expressed himself as greatly pleased with his reception, the meeting, and his entertainment." Mr. McKinley was enabled at this point to meet many old friends and



THOMAS McDougall.

admirers. This demonstration was largely the result of the efforts of Mr. Thomas McDougall, a prominent lawyer and conspicuous man in the politics of the State, who is widely known as the author of the High License law which has proved so popular and effective in Ohio.

It is admitted on all hands that the tide is running in favor of the Republicans, and that Mr. McKinley is certain to receive a very considerable Democratic vote. He makes friends everywhere by his frank and straightforward discussion of the vital issues of the hour, and by the candor with which he deals with the opposition.

#### WALL STREET.—STILL MOVING.

FROM various business centres of the West we hear uniform reports that grain is coming in in extraordinary amounts. From the shipping centres we have uniform reports that the exports of grain and other produce are abnormally large; gold shipments are announced; a foreign demand for our securities has set in, and there is a movement for the first time in months in bonds and in low and high-priced stocks, with a general tendency on all sides to an advance.

At the same time various rumors, some based on fact and some on fancy, in reference to railroad changes and combinations are coming in. The Baltimore and Ohio is said to be negotiating with the Rock Island for an entrance into Chicago; the Vanderbilts, it is said, are about to control Union Pacific, and Jay Gould has been quietly perambulating through the mountains of Colorado picking up some new connection with his system in case he lets go of the Union Pacific. Changes in the Denver and Rio Grande system are announced, with a possibility that the Atchison may pick it up—and a very valuable property it would be for that concern; an alliance between the Atchison and Southern Pacific as against the Union Pacific is talked of, and the Wabash has provided funds to fight its way into Chicago. All these are interesting rumors. Some of them, no doubt, have a basis of truth.

I remember a dozen years ago, when the market was skyrocketing upward, we had the same sort of telegrams from all directions, and they had a sensible and decided effect upon the movement of stocks. The best things that I hear, however, are in the shape of official reports, showing an increase in railroad earnings very generally. I wish that all the railroads would be

frank with the public as the Wheeling and Lake Erie is. The development of this excellent property during the past year is fully set forth in a printed statement which any one can read. It shows that the coal output of the company's mines for June is two and one-half times that of January; that the company has double-tracked its belt line in Toledo, completed the extension which takes it into Wheeling, increased its dock frontage at Huron, and made new connections which will add materially to its business and at the same time largely increase its equipment. I have advised the purchase of the securities of this concern, and my advice has been profitable to those who accepted it.

*Jasper* :—Would you advise holding Mexican Central at present figures? A reply in your column will oblige  
D. NEW BEDFORD, August 31st, 1891.

Boston parties who control Mexican Central have been very bullish on it. The reports regarding the possibilities of a revolution in Mexico were calculated to injure Mexican securities, but I do not think there is anything in them. On a rising market I would not sell Mexican Central or anything else.

*Jasper* :—Will you kindly advise me what influence has made Delaware and Hudson lower than Delaware and Lackawanna, as the former pays one per cent. greater dividend and has heretofore been much higher? Please, also, explain what is meant by ex-rights when dividends are declared.

PITTSBURG, August 29th, 1891.

"J. A. G." was wrong. Both the Delaware and Hudson and Delaware and Lackawanna pay seven per cent. per annum. These two stocks are not very far apart in price. Delaware and Hudson was higher some time ago because its stockholders expected and received the right to purchase at a low figure an additional issue of stock made to take up bonds that fell due. This is what was meant by the term "rights" used in connection with the stock. These rights sold as high as thirty dollars, and of course after the additional stock was issued it was quoted as "ex-rights," that is, without right to buy the new issue at a low price. Without this right the stock sold lower than it did with it.

*Jasper* :—Will you kindly give your opinion on the National Building and Loan Association, offices 82 Chambers Street, and oblige  
NEW YORK CITY, September 2d, 1891.

A READER.

I know nothing about the National Building and Loan Association referred to. Ask some commercial agency about it.

*Jasper* :—Will you kindly inform me as to the value of the stock and standing of the Western Farm Mortgage Trust Company, of Denver, Col., S. O. Thacher, president? Also, if you would consider the stock a good, safe, and paying investment if bought at par?

Very respectfully yours, M. J. D.

NEW YORK, September 2d, 1891.

The mortgage company referred to has no business in Wall Street, and I cannot give any information concerning its reliability.

"C. E. W." of Omaha, wrote me some time ago asking whether I did not make an error in saying that the national, State, savings, and other banks of Nebraska had \$15,000,000 deposits, representing a per capita deposit of \$50. My correspondent said that, as Nebraska had 1,000,000 population, I must be in error. I would have answered "C. E. W." before but for the fact that it is almost impossible to obtain the information I sought from official sources. The statement I made was taken from a newspaper, and appears to have been somewhat erroneous. According to the last report of the Comptroller of the Currency the national banks of Nebraska on the 2d of October, 1889, had resources amounting to a little over \$30,000,000, and the savings banks of the State resources of less than \$3,000,000. I think that these figures are not complete. I believe that the resources of the banks are nearer \$50,000,000 than \$15,000,000, and that would still make the amount per capita, on the basis of 1,000,000 population, fully \$50. Nebraska is a growing State, and, in my judgment, one of the best in the Union in which to make safe investments.

*Jasper*

#### DEVASTATING FIRES IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

A SORE calamity has recently befallen the farmers of Faulk County, South Dakota, whose bounteous harvests have been swept away by fire, leaving many of them homeless and penniless. The fire, which was the most destructive ever known in Dakota, originated from a spark from a steam threshing-machine, and was not arrested until it had literally burned itself out. The burned district covers an area twenty miles by fifty, and in all that vast expanse not a tree or shock of grain, or herd of cattle, escaped. One thousand persons lost their homes, and the track of the tempest of fire is a bleak and black desolation.

#### THE SIX-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SWISS REPUBLIC.

ON the 1st of August, 1291, the warrior chiefs of the valleys of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, in the heart of the snow-capped Alps, came together on a hill-top and drew up a covenant in which they agreed to stand by one another in war and in peace, and that the people of the three valleys should be as one people, "to endure, by the Lord's permission, forever." The confederation flourished, and in the course of time the people of other valleys and those who lived on the flat lands were admitted until, in 1815, there were twenty-two cantons leagued together, thus constituting the Swiss republic of to-day.

The six-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Swiss republic has been celebrated in Switzerland and all over the world where Swiss are found, and for the first week of September grand festivities were arranged by the Swiss citizens of New York to celebrate that important historical event. A grand parade, including a number of magnificent floats which represented the different stages of the political and economical development of Switzerland as well as historical scenes and allegories, proceeded through the streets of New York on Saturday, September 5th, and a Swiss "Volksfest" followed in Washington Park. On the next day other festivities, among them an historical play espe-

cially written for the occasion by Dr. L. A. Staeger, and a banquet entertained the innumerable visitors that thronged the park, and on Monday the festival was concluded by running-matches, rifle-shooting, and various popular games. Our illustrations on page 109 reproduce some of the most characteristic scenes and incidents of this magnificent festival.

#### THE THEATRES.

THE amusement season in New York has opened briskly and prosperously. All of the city theatres are doing a lively business. At the Academy of Music "The Soudan," which had such a successful run last season in Boston, has been produced with brilliant and elaborate setting, and seems to have hit the popular taste. The play is strong in scenic effects, and the leading parts are well sustained.

At the Bijou Theatre one of the notable comedy successes of recent years has been achieved in the production of "Niobe," which has all the elements of an attractive play, being at once bright, fresh, and clean, while eminently "taking" in its plot. Its scene is not, as some might infer, a Roman province, but a simple American home, and it is wildly fantastic throughout, fairly bubbling over with fun. The title part is effectively rendered by Miss Carrie Turner.

At the Madison Square Theatre the bright little comedy entitled "Jane" has scored a success. At Palmer's Theatre Marie Wainwright has been playing "Amy Robsart," which is produced with fine accessories. Her representation of the heroine of Sir Walter Scott's beautiful romance is conceded on all hands to be forceful and effective. By many her new rôle is regarded as the first in her répertoire. At the Star Theatre Roland Reed has achieved a marked success in Sidney Rosenfeld's new play, "The Club Friend." The part in which Mr. Reed appears embodies both humor and pathos, and gives him a fine opportunity for the display of his peculiar powers. The play has some weak points, but on the whole is likely to prove a popular one. Indeed, it is predicted by some good critics that it will hold the boards for months.



Our illustration shows Miss Fanny Gillette in the character of *Clariette Montieth*, the heroine of the play "A Fair Rebel," recently played at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

#### PROFESSOR TOTTEN AND THE MILLENNIUM.

AMONG the latest comments received from our readers regarding the Millennium articles which we deem pertinent to the discussion, are the following:

##### MISS PROCTOR DEFENDED.

*Mr. Editor* :—Of all correspondents on Professor Totten's theories Miss Proctor is the nearest to truth. The solar energy used to be the all-in-all to man, and as a matter of fact it is so to-day. In the sun we live and move and have our being. To primitive man, just emerging from darkness and ignorance, he was creator, preserver, destroyer, and so to-day, although men do not see it; they would rather deal in mysticism and have the priest pilot them to an imaginary heaven.

When the sun was in Taurus at the vernal equinox men worshipped the sacred bull, Apis; two thousand years later, when the sun was in Aries, men worshipped the ram, or Lamb of God. After the lapse of another two thousand years, when the vernal equinox fell in Pisces, Christianity was established, and men worshipped Ichthys, the sacred fishes, and the fish fast was established on Friday; but there was a division in the priestly camp,—some were for passing over the sign Pisces (for it was supposed to have a malignant influence) to the sign Aquarius. There was discussion and a compromise, but it has led to war ever since between the two ideas. The cause being now removed by the advent of the celestial sign Aquarius at the vernal equinox, there will be no compromise this time but a combination.

No good could come out of the sun of a fish. Tis true Virgo was opposite to Pisces, but it was an abomination. Now the sign will be Aquarius, the man, Virgo in the west, the celestial wife, and the earth, the virgin, the ever-respondent and prolific receiver of the rays of the great orb of day—the sun.

The vernal equinox is the great white throne, where the sun becomes Dominus or subduer over the powers of death and winter. The Christ of mankind is the sun and no other. He dies at the winter solstice on the 21st of December and is born on the 25th—Christmas Day. He triumphs over the powers of death and winter at the vernal equinox, 21st March; goes up to glory and arrives there 21st June; turns water into wine at Cana, and gets shorn of his rays on 21st September, autumn equinox.

There will be no literal ending of the world, but the destruction as by fire of superstition. There will be no sacred bull, no Lamb of God, no sacred fish, but sacred man—the spiritual Christ represented in the celestial or kingdom of the heavens. The aspiration is always upward and looking for perfection.

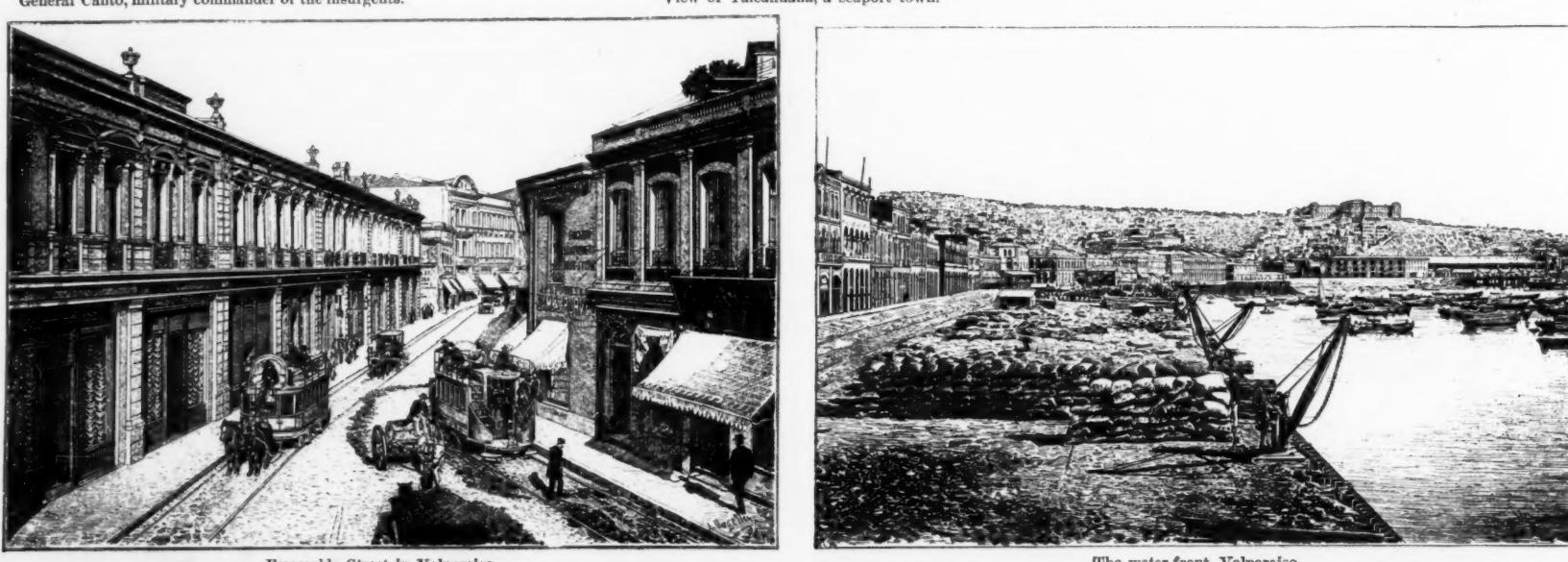
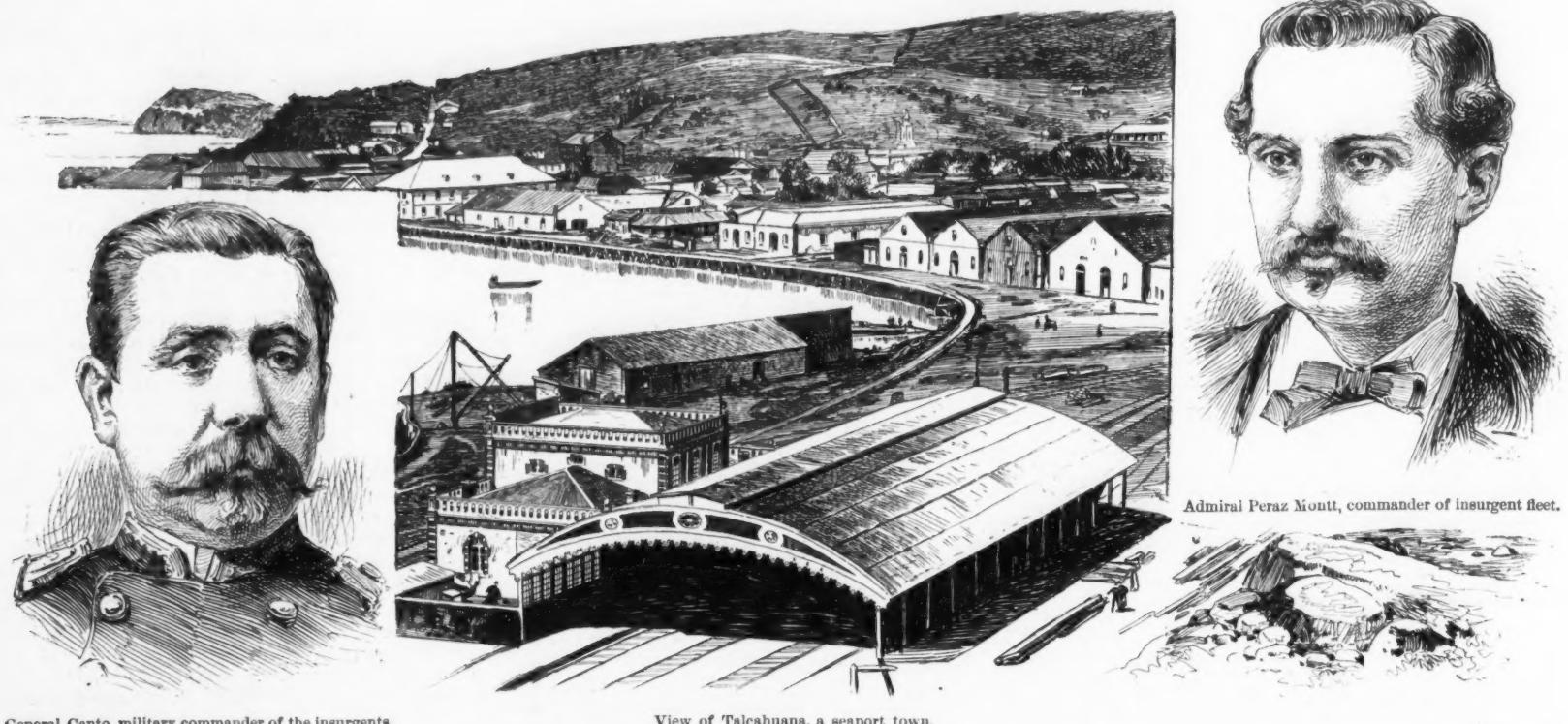
NEW YORK CITY.

##### DOESN'T LIKE TOTTEN.

*To the Editor* :—I am a subscriber to your paper; a member of a Christian church; have read Professor Totten's papers and articles referring to it. You seem to invite criticism. I think Totten crazy on that subject, and think less of my paper for publishing his vagaries.

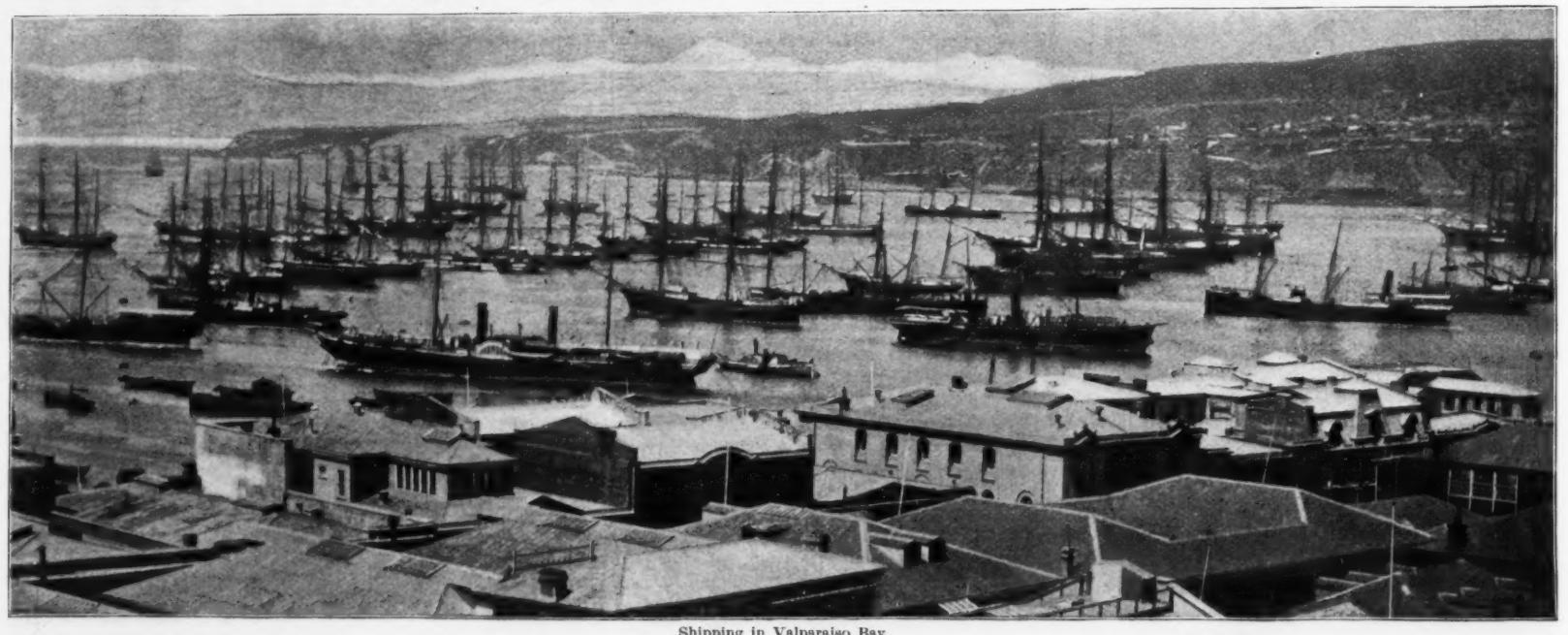
RICHMOND, VA., August 27th, 1891.

H. W. MURRAY.

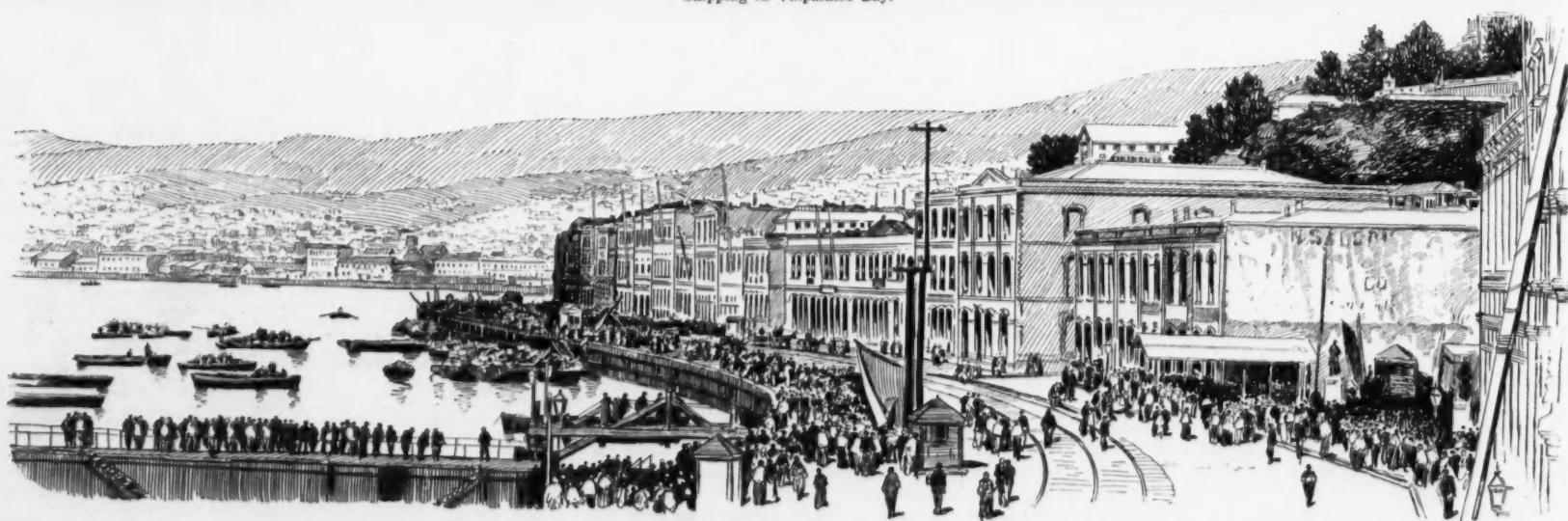


Esmeralda Street in Valparaiso.

The water-front, Valparaiso.

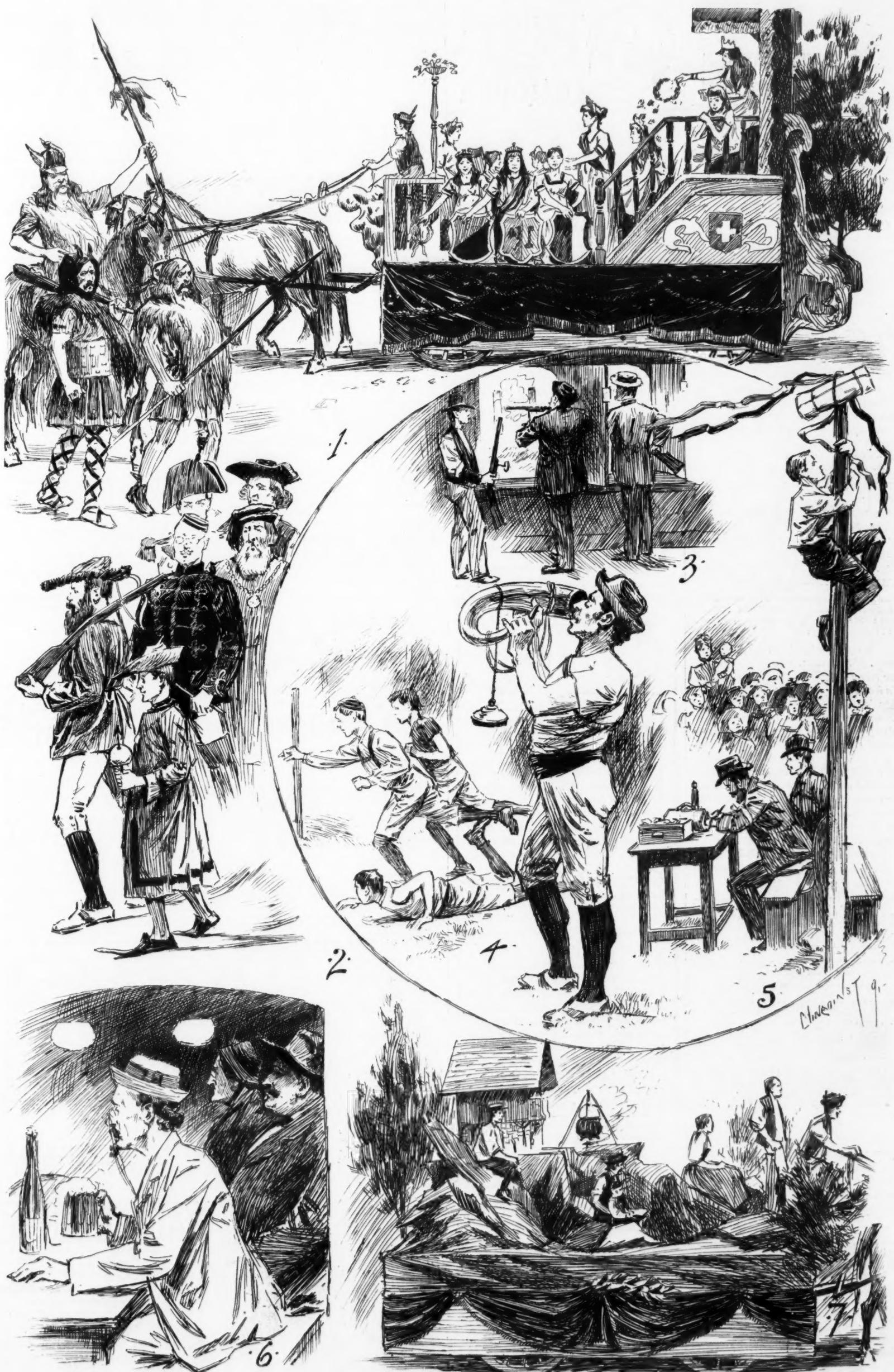


Shipping in Valparaiso Bay.



Esplanade and landing stage, Valparaiso.

THE REVOLUTION IN CHILI AND SOME OF ITS PARTICIPANTS—VIEWS IN VALPARAISO.—[SEE PAGE 103.]



1. THE "HELVETIA" FLOAT. 2. CHARACTERISTIC FIGURES IN THE PROCESSION. 3. RIFLE-SHOOTING. 4. ATHLETIC GAMES. 5. THE JUDGES.  
6. SPECTATORS AT THE FESTIVAL PLAY. 7. THE "SWISS COTTAGE" FLOAT.

CELEBRATION BY THE SWISS OF NEW YORK OF THE SIX-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE SWISS REPUBLIC.  
[SEE PAGE 107.]

OFFICE OF THE  
NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE  
COMPANY,  
346 AND 348 BROADWAY,  
NEW YORK.

At a special meeting of the Board of Trustees of the New York Life Insurance Company, held on August 31st, the following preamble and resolution were passed:

"WHEREAS, A PERSISTENT, UNJUST AND UNFOUNDED ASSAULT HAS BEEN AND IS NOW BEING MADE UPON THIS COMPANY BY THE NEW YORK 'TIMES'; AND

"WHEREAS, THIS BOARD IS NOW AND AT ALL TIMES HAS BEEN DESIROUS THAT ALL CHARGES AGAINST THE MANAGEMENT OF THIS COMPANY SHOULD BE FULLY AND FAIRLY INVESTIGATED, AND TO THAT END HAS REQUESTED THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT TO MAKE AN EXAMINATION OF THE AFFAIRS OF THIS COMPANY, WHICH IS NOW BEING CONDUCTED, AND HAS CAUSED AN ACTION TO BE INSTITUTED IN THE NAME OF THE COMPANY AGAINST THE NEW YORK 'TIMES' FOR THE LIBELLOUS ATTACK SO MADE UPON IT BY SAID NEWSPAPER; AND

"WHEREAS, THEODORE M. BANTA, THE CASHIER OF THIS COMPANY, PENDING SAID INVESTIGATION AND ACTION, HAS PUBLISHED A COMMUNICATION IN THE NEW YORK 'TIMES' OF AUGUST 28, DESIGNED TO GIVE SUPPORT TO SAID ATTACK, TO THE INJURY OF THIS COMPANY AND ITS POLICY-HOLDERS;

"THEREFORE, RESOLVED, THAT IT IS THE SENSE OF THIS BOARD THAT THE PRESIDENT REMOVE THEODORE M. BANTA FROM THE POSITION OF CASHIER OF THIS COMPANY AND FROM THE EMPLOY OF THE COMPANY FROM THIS DATE."

Accordingly, in pursuance of that minute, the following letter of dismissal was addressed to Mr. Banta by Mr. Beers, the President of the Company:

New York, Aug. 31, 1891.

Theo. M. Banta, Esq.

Dear Sir:

We herewith inclose copy of preamble and resolution passed by the Board of Trustees at a special meeting held this day. In accordance therewith you are hereby notified that your services will be dispensed with on and after this date, and are requested to balance your cash and turn it over to the Second Vice-President and Mr. J. O. Voute at your earliest convenience. Yours truly,

(Signed) WM. H. BEERS,  
President.

LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, Banker, at 30 Broadway, New York, says: "The market maintains great strength under all the disquieting rumors. Crop prospects are bright and railroad earnings must improve."

ANGOSTURA Bitters is known all over the world as the great regulator of the digestive organs.

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cents a bottle.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP of infancy and childhood, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, seedy, crusty, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, a great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents, save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent. Sold everywhere. Price CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases." Baby's skin and scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

Kidney pains, backache, and muscular rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

*The Man with a Long Face.*

**BEECHAM'S PILLS** will cure his Bilious and Nervous Disorders, arising from a Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, or a Torpid Liver. One dose will oftentimes relieve Sick Headache in twenty minutes.

Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box, New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

**GRECIAN MAIDENS**

It is well known in history that the PEERLESS BEAUTY of Grecian maidens was owing to their knowledge of certain HARMLESS INGREDIENTS which they used at the bath. In our day, young ladies find the same BEAUTIFYING PRINCIPLES combined in

**Constantine's Persian Healing Pine Tar Soap.**

The HEALTHFUL PROPERTIES of this EXTRAORDINARY PURIFYING AGENT are UNLIMITED, but are more particularly noticeable in their beautifying effects upon the HAIR, COMPLEXION AND TEETH. These CHARMS OF FEMALE LOVELINESS are enhanced, and THEIR POSSESSION ASSURED, to every young lady who uses this

Great Original Pine Tar Soap.

Let all who desire to make themselves IRRESISTIBLY BEAUTIFUL,

TRY IT FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

**PARX** ALL Tobacco Cigarettes  
LONG FILLER, a most delicious and wholesome smoke  
CONSOLIDATED CIGARETTE CO. AVE. D. & 10<sup>th</sup> ST. NEW YORK.

No man can be blamed for failing to recognize the girl he wooed at the seashore when she gets her winter ulster on.—*Toledo Commercial*.

"It seems to me," observed Mrs. McSwiligen, "that it takes more goods now to make a dress than it used to." "No doubt it does," replied her husband; "so much of it goes to waist."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

**SILENCING HUBBY—Young Father** (in the future)—"Great snakes! Can't you do something to quiet that baby? Its eternal squalling just drives me wild." **Young Mother** (calmly, to servant)—"Marie, bring in my husband's mother's phonograph, and put in the cylinder marked 'At ten months.' I want him to hear how his voice sounded when he was young."—*New York Weekly*.

**AN IRREVERENT SUGGESTION.**—Bishop-elect Brooks speaks two hundred and twelve words a minute. Probably Bishop-elect Brooks could very nearly do justice to the occasion if he should go to a picnic in the woods and sit down on a wasp's nest by mistake.—*Somerville Journal*.

**THE P. D. Q. CAMERA.**  
THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT IN DETECTIVE CAMERAS.

Takes Pictures 4 x 5 inches in size, either vertically or horizontally.

Can be Used with Either Our Cut Films or Plates.

Handsome covered with black grained leather. Price, complete, with 3 double holders, only \$20

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New Bicycles at reduced prices, and 400 second-hand ones. Different Models.

Bicycles, Games, and Type Writers taken in exchange.

Boys' or Girls' 24-in. Safety, with rubber tires, \$15.00.

Boys' 25-inch Safety, with rubber tires, 17.50.

Gents' 30-inch Safety, balls to big's and pedals, 55.00.

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"My wife believes that the money spent for Ayer's Hair Vigor was the best investment she ever made. It imparts a soft

### And Silky Texture

to the hair, and gives much satisfaction."—J. A. Adams, St. Augustine, Texas.

"After using a number of other preparations without any satisfactory result, I find that Ayer's Hair Vigor is causing my hair to grow."—A. J. Osment, General Merchant, Indian Head, N. W. T.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only preparation I could ever find to remove dandruff, cure itching humors, and prevent loss of hair. I confidently recommend it."—J. C. Butler, Spencer, Mass.

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Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

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All trains arrive at and depart from  
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### SUMMER TOURS.

No more delightful trips can be made than those afforded the public via

## The Northern Pacific Railroad.

This line, famous for its Dining-Car Service and Elegant Equipment, takes the tourist to the Yellowstone Park, Pacific Coast, Alaska, and through the Grandest Scenery and most progressive sections of seven States, viz.: Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC now offers the public double daily passenger train service between St. Paul and Minneapolis on the east, and Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland on the west, with through sleeping-car service from Chicago to Montana and Pacific Coast Points via both the Wisconsin Central Line and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway.

District Passenger Agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying information, rates, maps, time-tables, etc., or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn. Write to above address for the latest and best map yet published of Alaska. Just out.

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Send for Inventor's Guide, or How to Obtain a Patent. Send for Digest of PENSION and BOUNTY LAWS. PATRICK O'FARRELL, - WASHINGTON, D. C.

DOUBLE  
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WATCHES, BICYCLES.  
All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for catalogue to THE POWELL & CLEMENT CO., 100 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

HOTEL Overlooking Central Park,

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Highest

Class.  
Absolutely  
FIRE-PROOF  
On American and  
European Plans.  
Within half block 6th

Ave. Elevated R. R. terminus. 5th Ave.  
Stages and Cross Town Cars pass doors.

ONLY one Indian left in Illinois, the census men say. And the Black Hawk war not yet sixty years back in history! Why are not the Chicago bards making haste to celebrate that pathetically lonely aboriginal in immortal song?—*Hartford Courant*.

## KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

NO OTHER  
Leaves a delicate and lasting odor after using.  
If unable to procure SHANDON BELLS SOAP send  
25c in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

**SPECIAL.**—Shandon Bells Waits (the popular Society Waltz) sent FREE to anyone sending us  
three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

Send 10c in stamps for sample bottle Shandon's  
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Massachusetts Benefit Association,  
EXCHANGE BUILDING, 53 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

The largest natural premium association in New England. Over 28,000 members; \$90,000,000 insurance in force; \$25,000 emergency fund; \$170,000 amount deposited with the State Treasurer; \$4,750,000 paid in death losses. Policies, \$1,000 to \$20,000 containing most liberal features for insured—including half of amount for permanent and total disability. GEORGE A. LITCHFIELD, President. New York office, GEORGE E. CURTIS, Manager, Potter Building.

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## GILBERT'S Dress Linings.

Ladies appreciate this.  
Name on selvage.

BANK, OFFICE, and  
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MADE OF STEEL; makes smooth, clean erasure. Thousands in use. Will last years. Ask your stationer or send 25c silver to W. BUNNELL, 322 Commercial St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Endorsed and used by highest medical authorities. Once try "The Best" and you will tolerate no other bottle. Insist on your Druggist getting it for you. Descriptive circular free. Manifolds Co., 291 Church Street, New York, Manufacturer.

## THE BARKER BRAND LINEN COLLARS ABSOLUTELY BEST.

BARKER BRAND IN SHAPE FINISH & WEARABILITY.

LADY AGENTS \$5 a day sure; new rubber under-garment. MRS. N. B. LITTLE, Chicago, Ill.

FREE A safety bicycle on very easy conditions. WESTERN PEAK CO., 308 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Are AMERICAN by the BEST.

MILLER BROS. CUTLERY CO. M.F.R.S. of STEEL PENS  
MERIDEN, CONN. FOR EXTRAVAGANT Pockets.

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